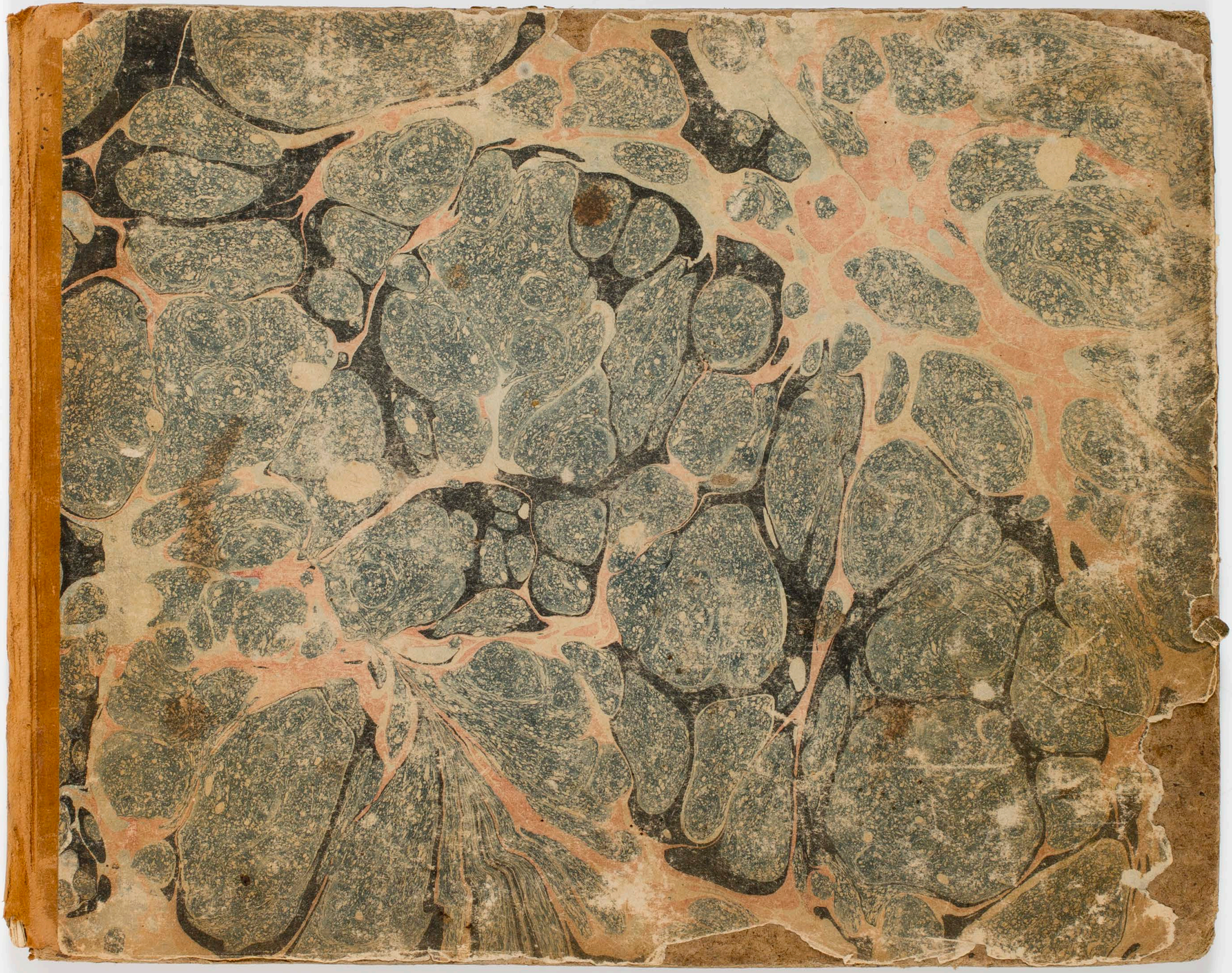
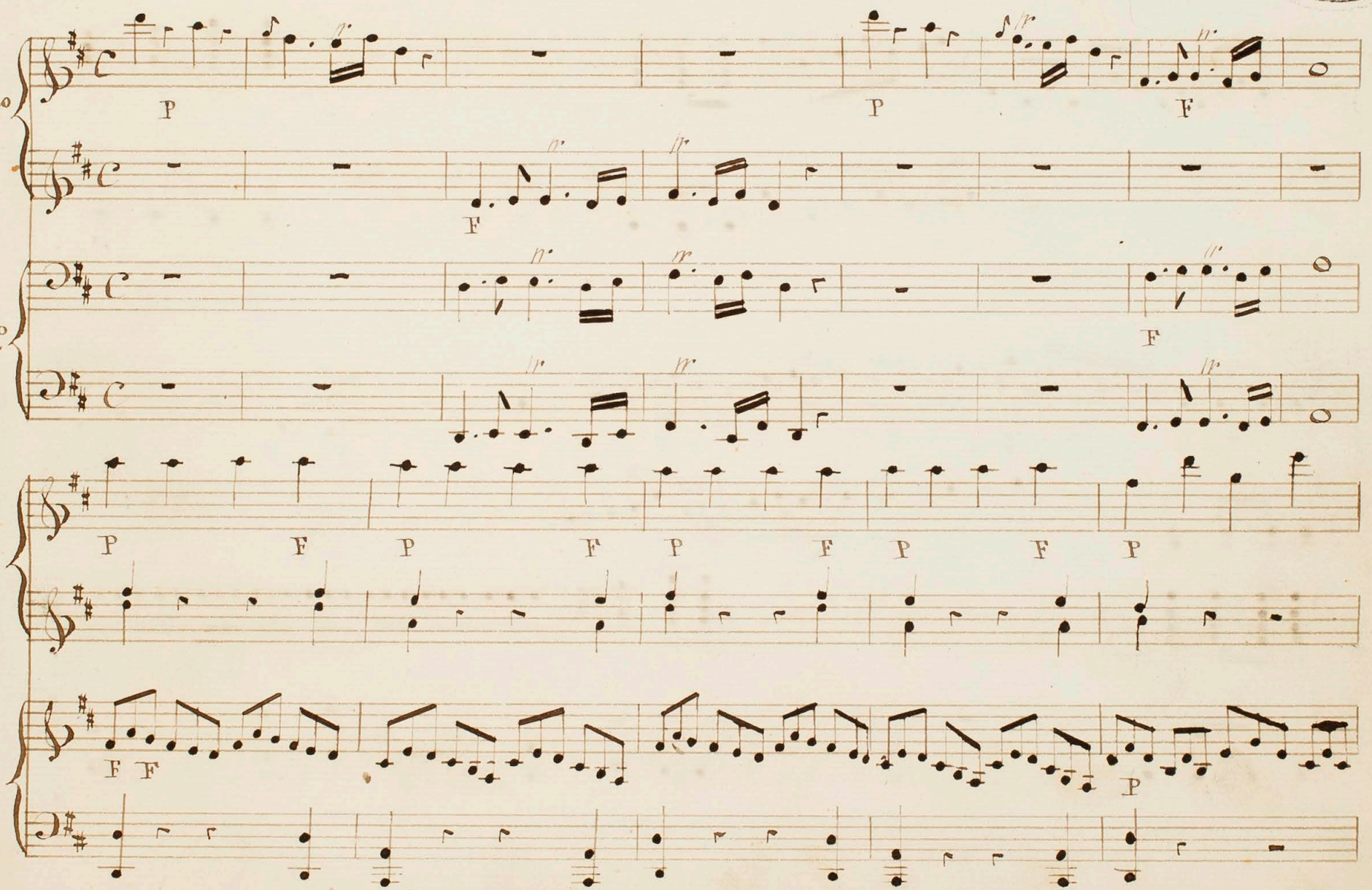
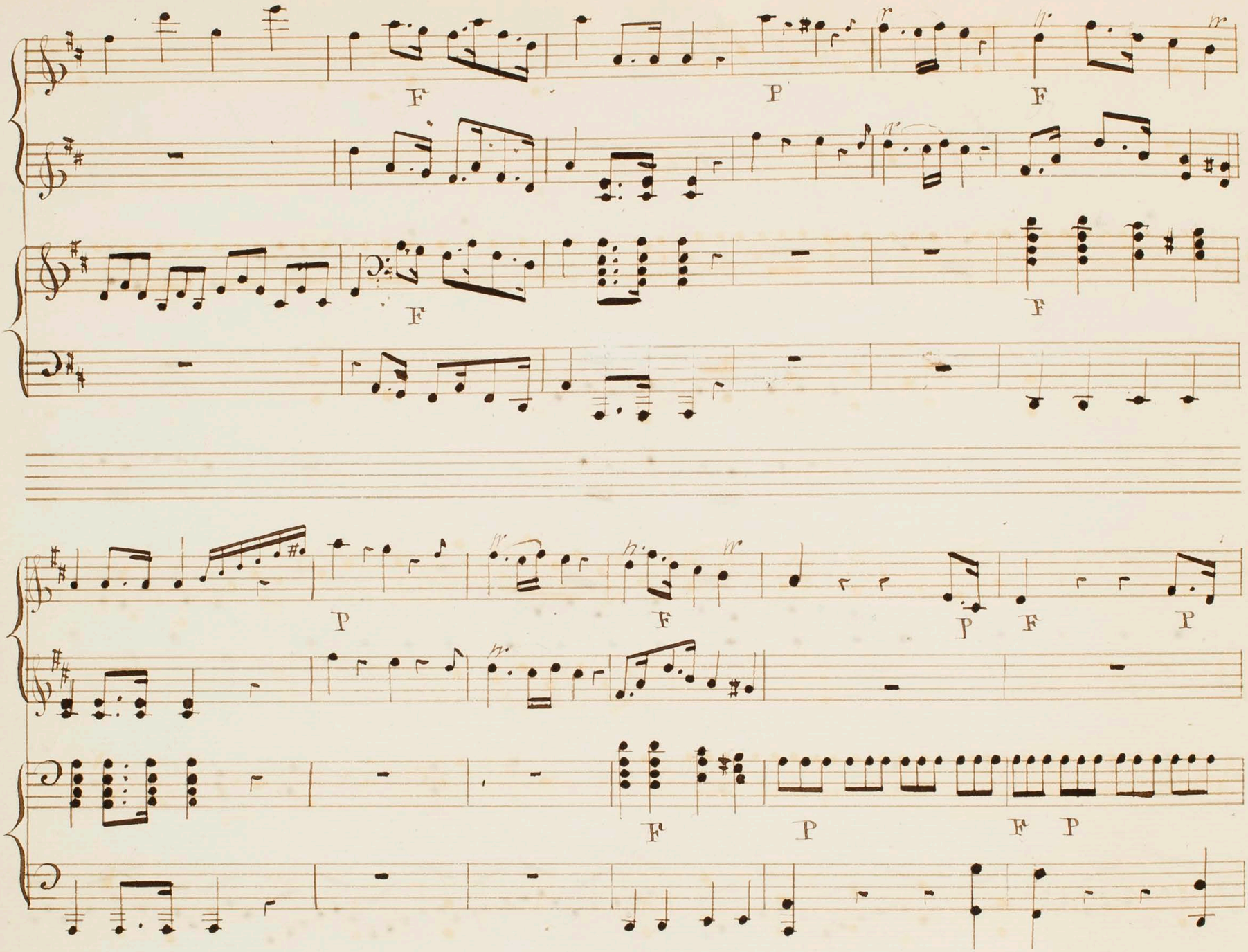


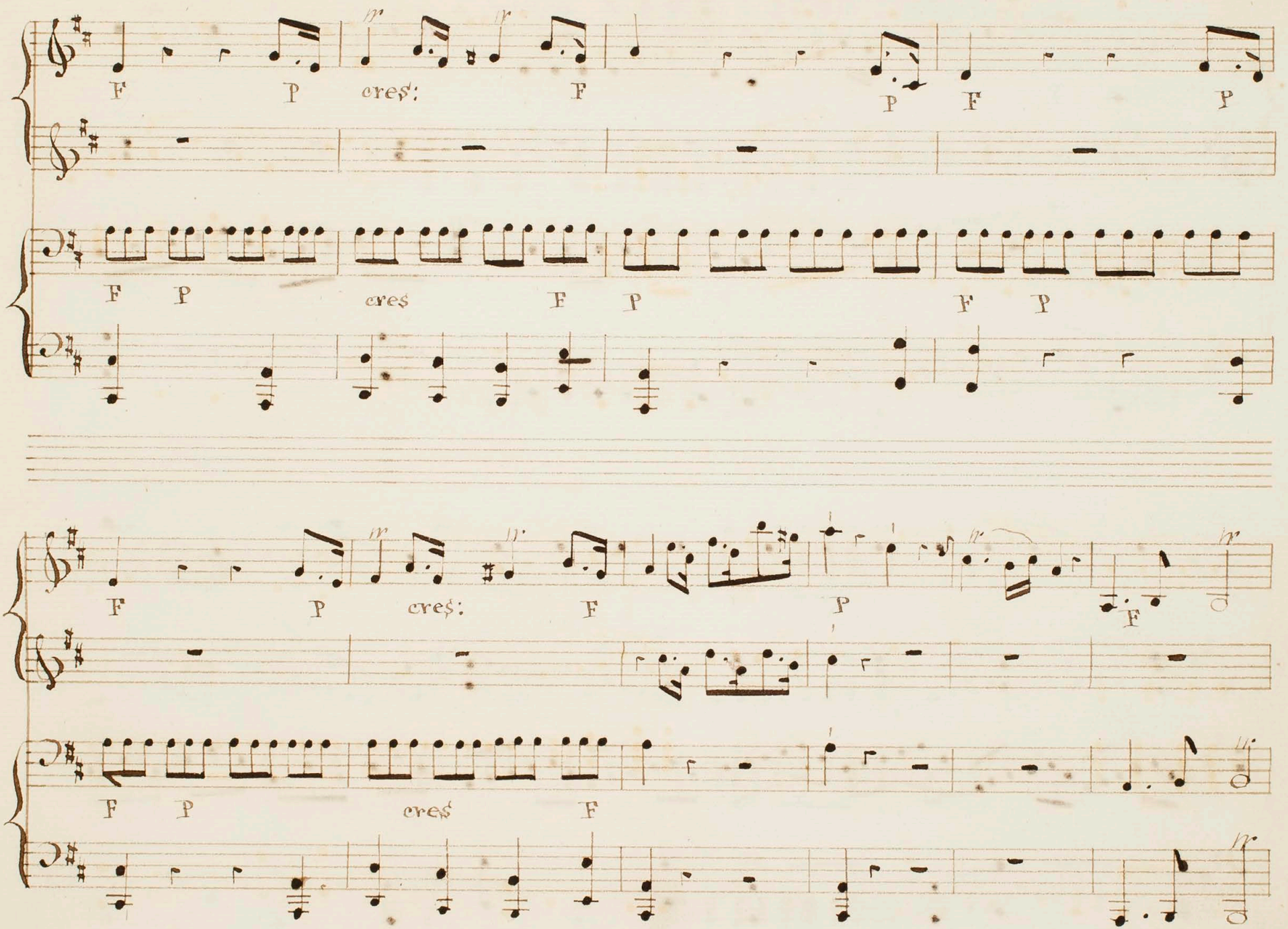
B 61

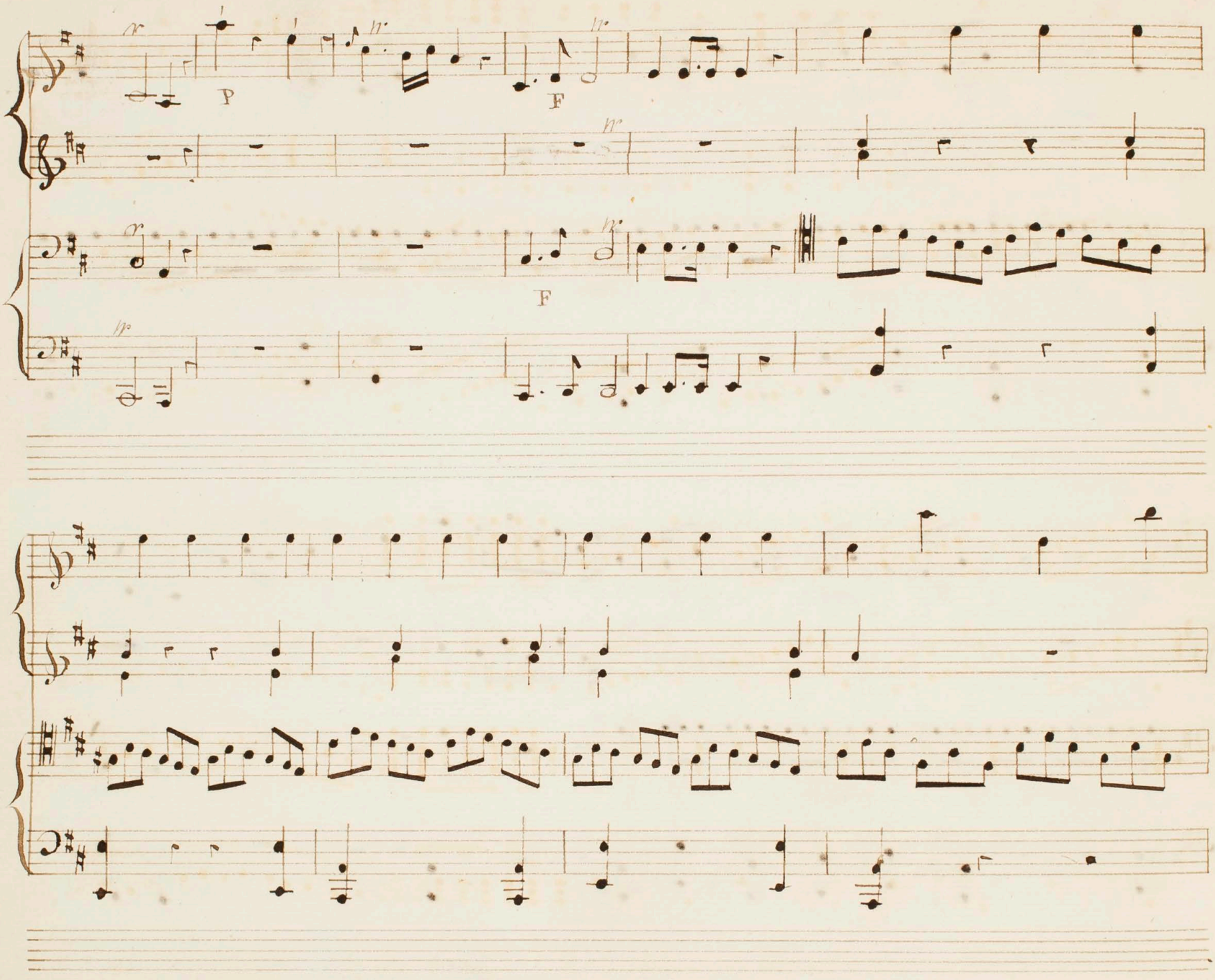
Overture in the Opera of Artaxerxes

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY WORCESTER, MASS.




F
P
F
F
F
P
F
P
F
P
F
P
F
P


F P cres: F P F P
F P cres F P F P
F P cres: F P F
F P cres F


P
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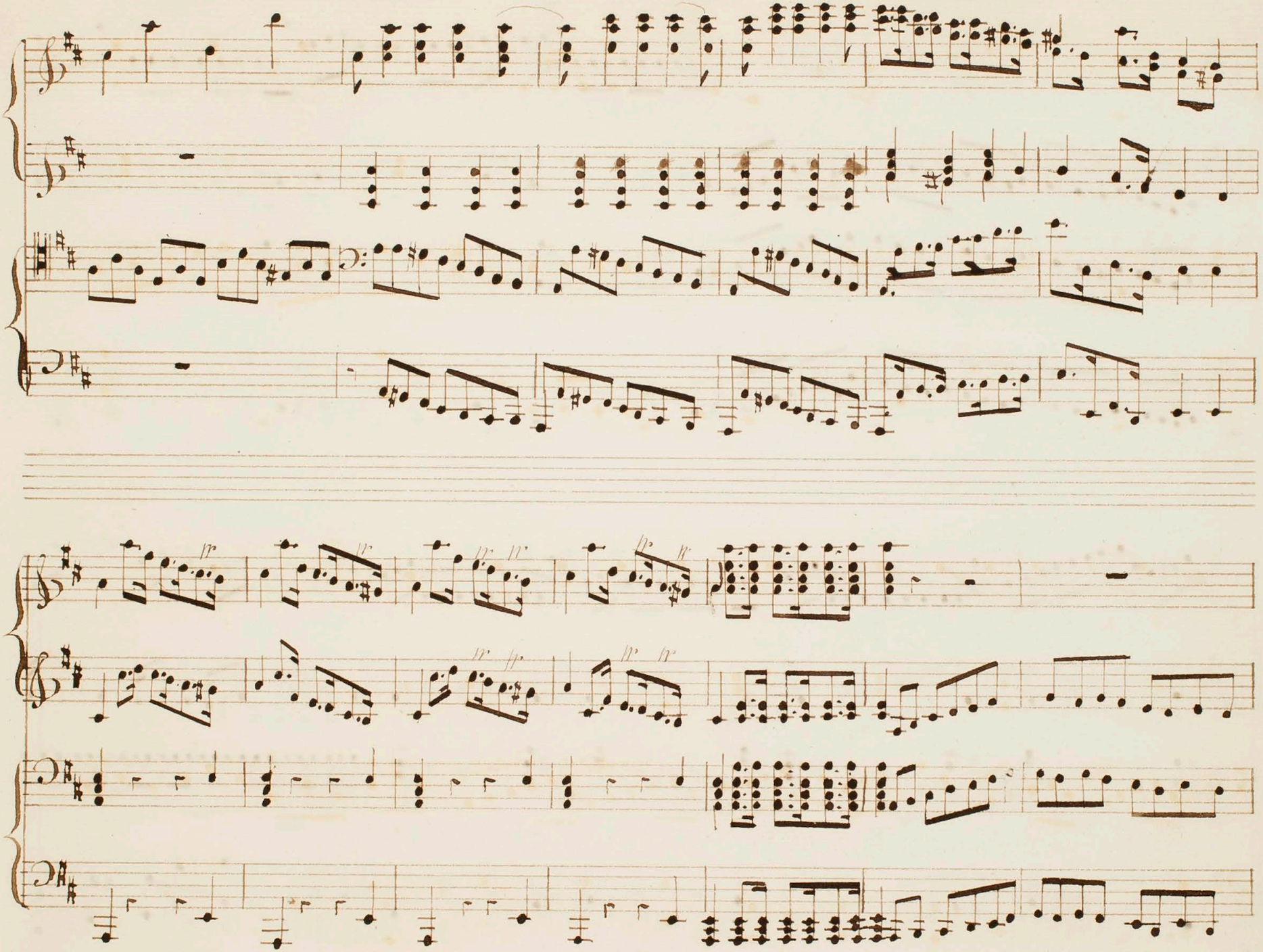

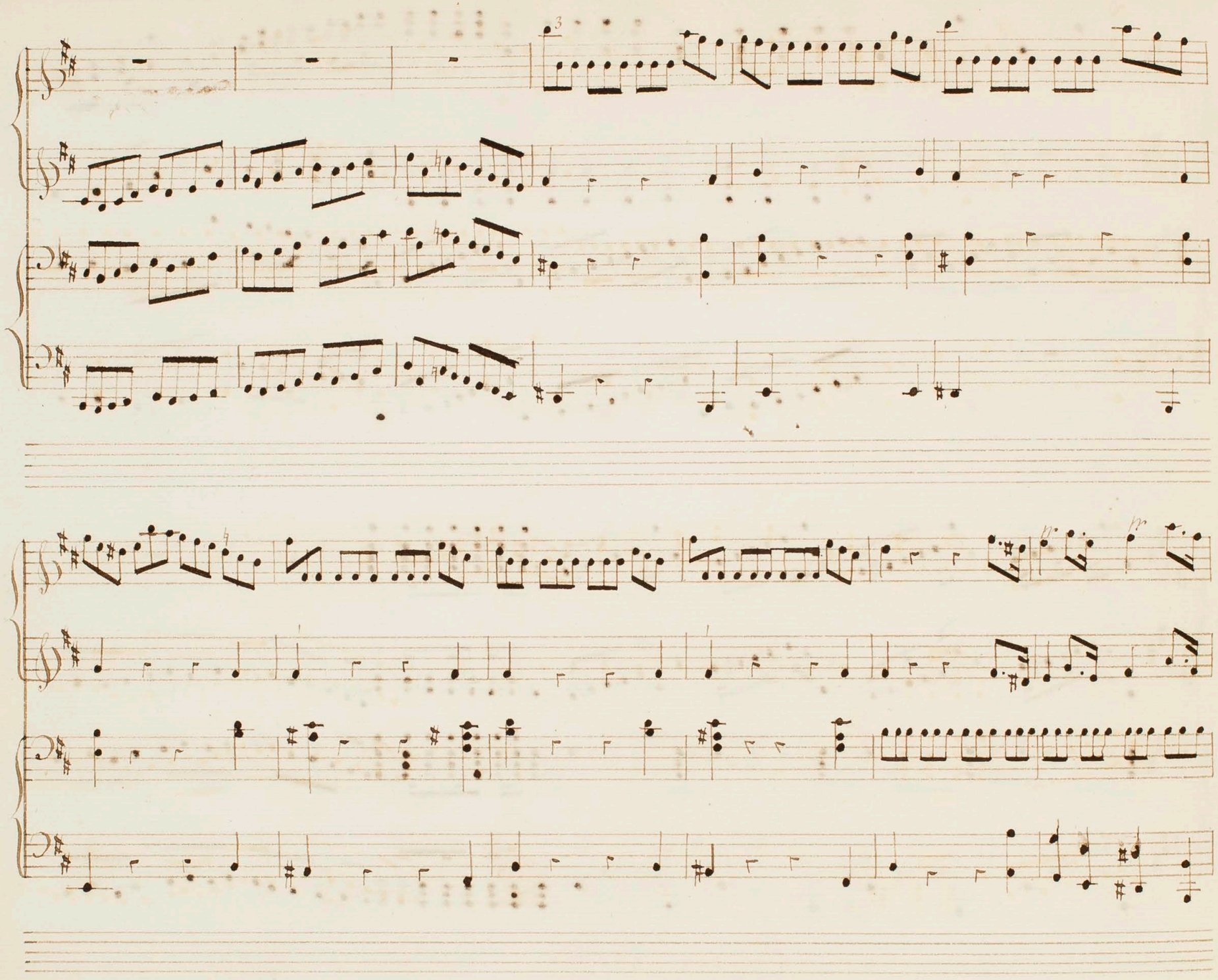

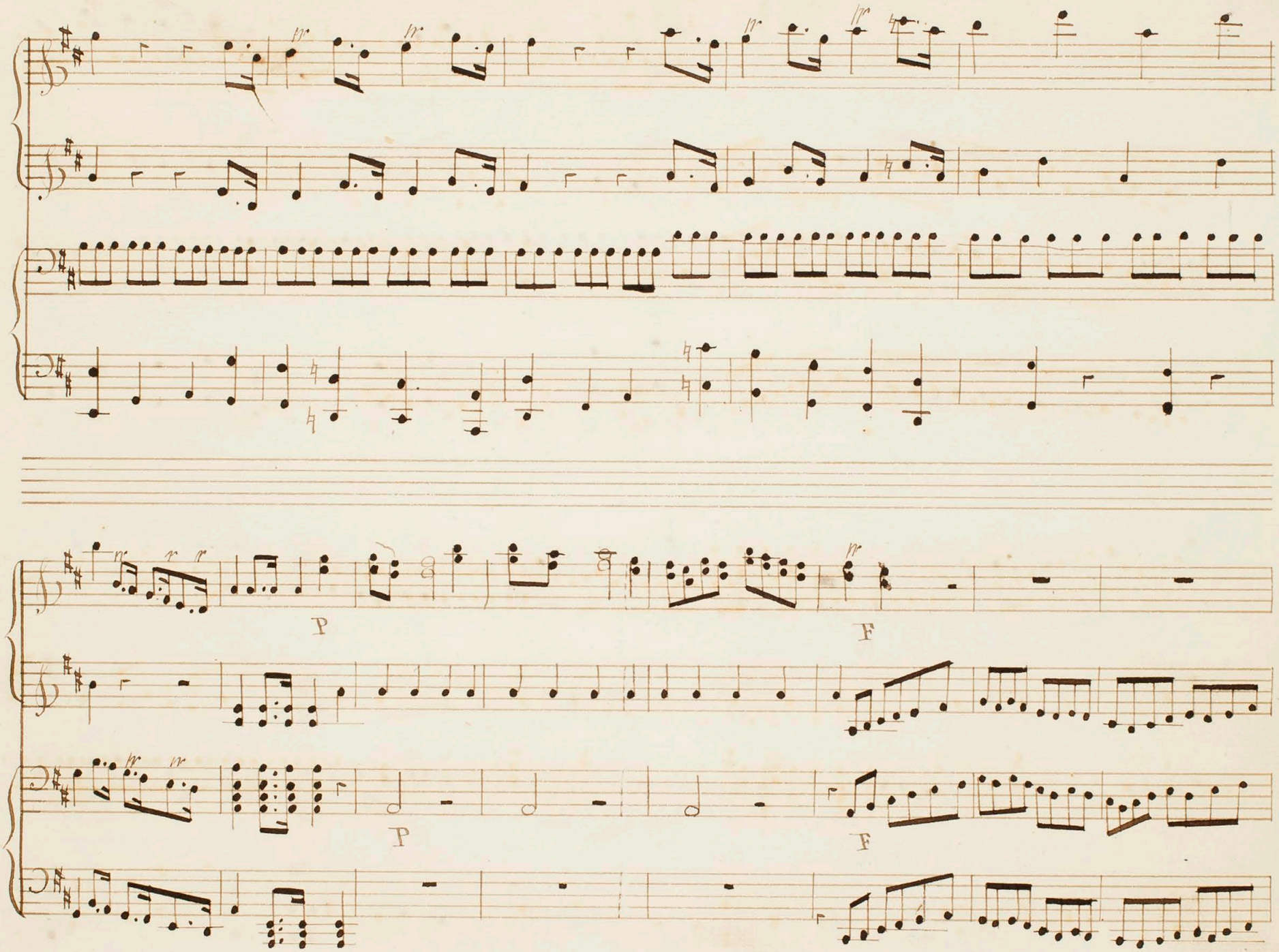
P
F
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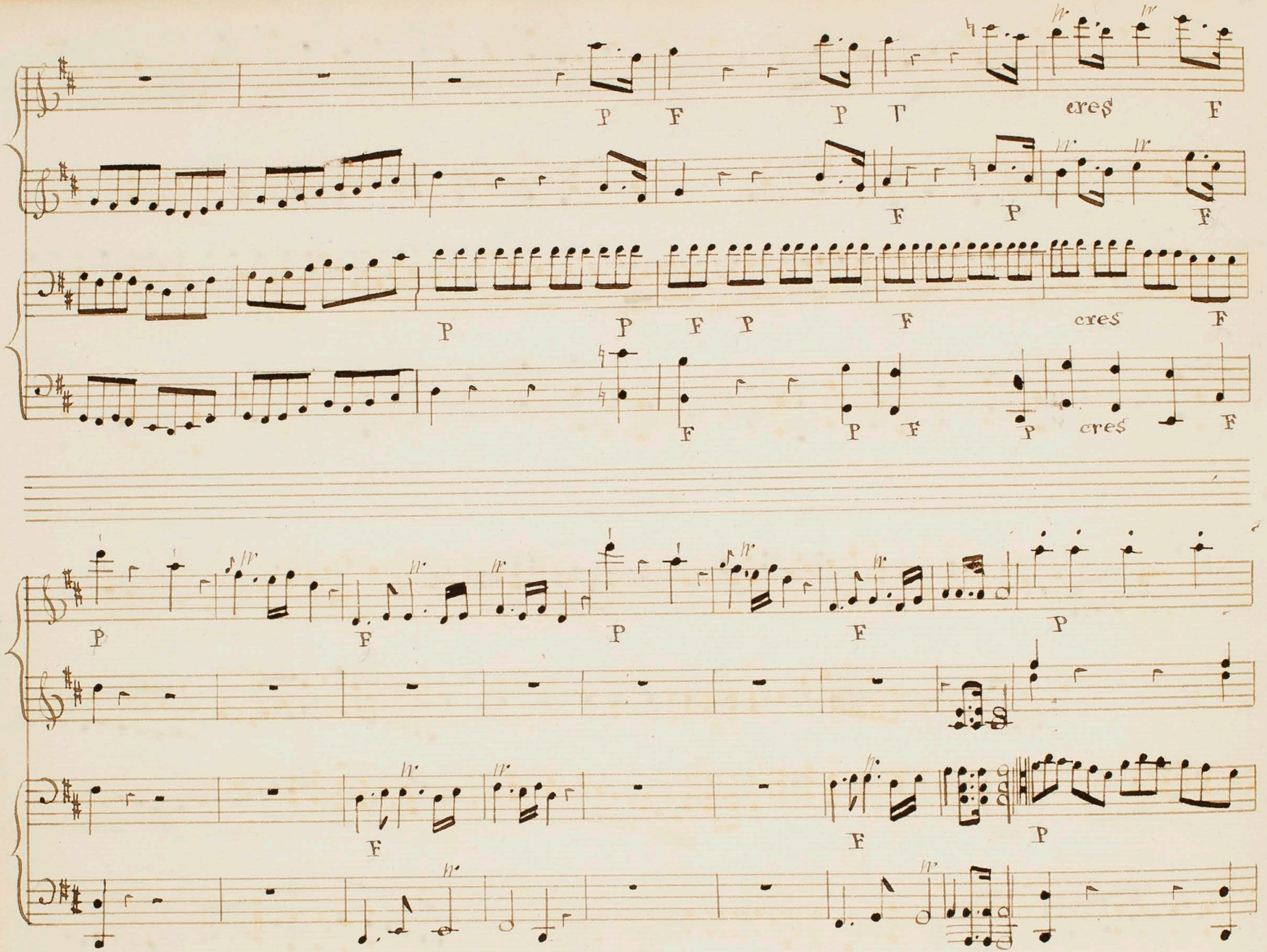
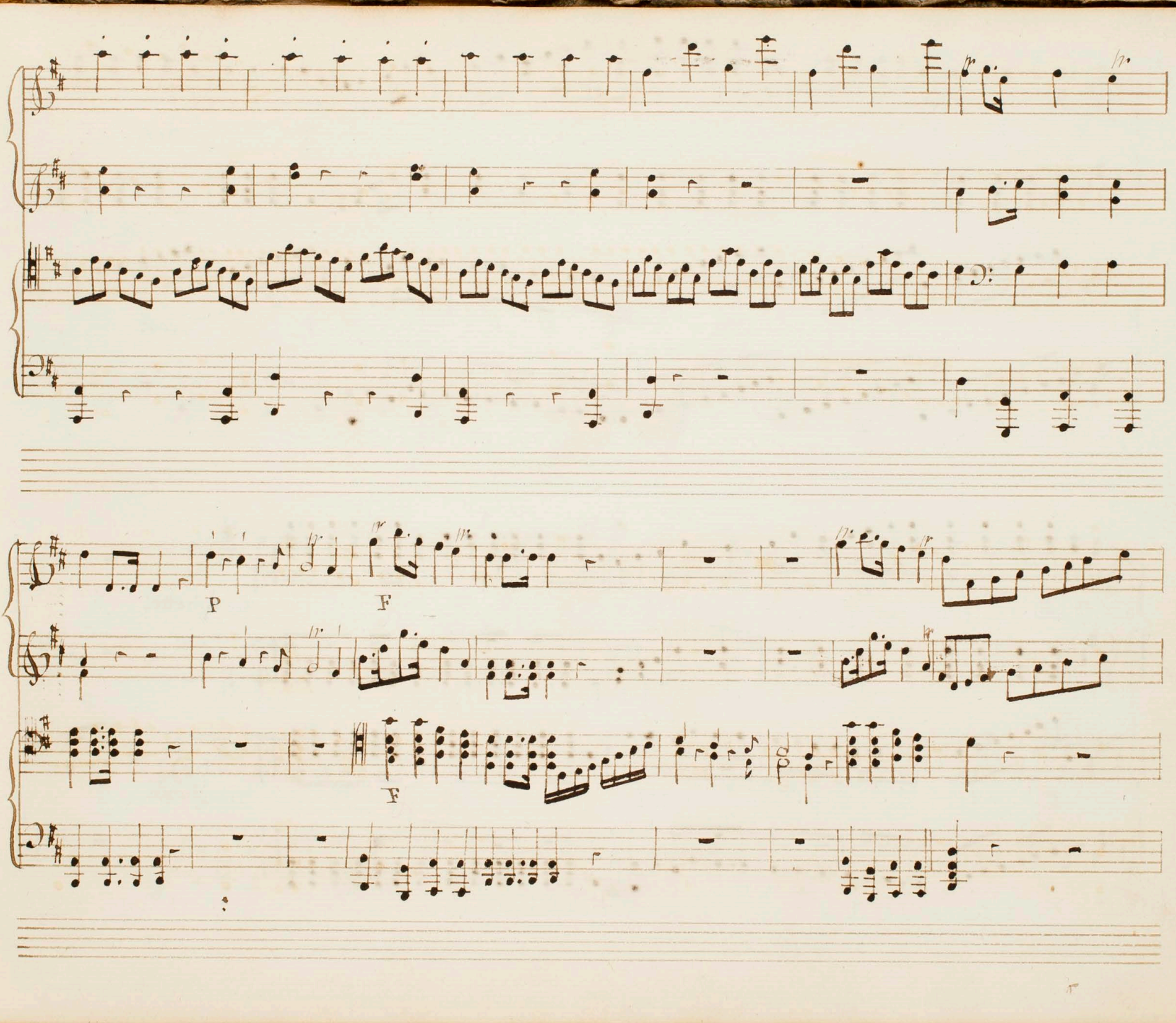
F


P F P F cres F
F P F
P P F P F cres F
F P F P cres F
P F P F P
F F P
F F P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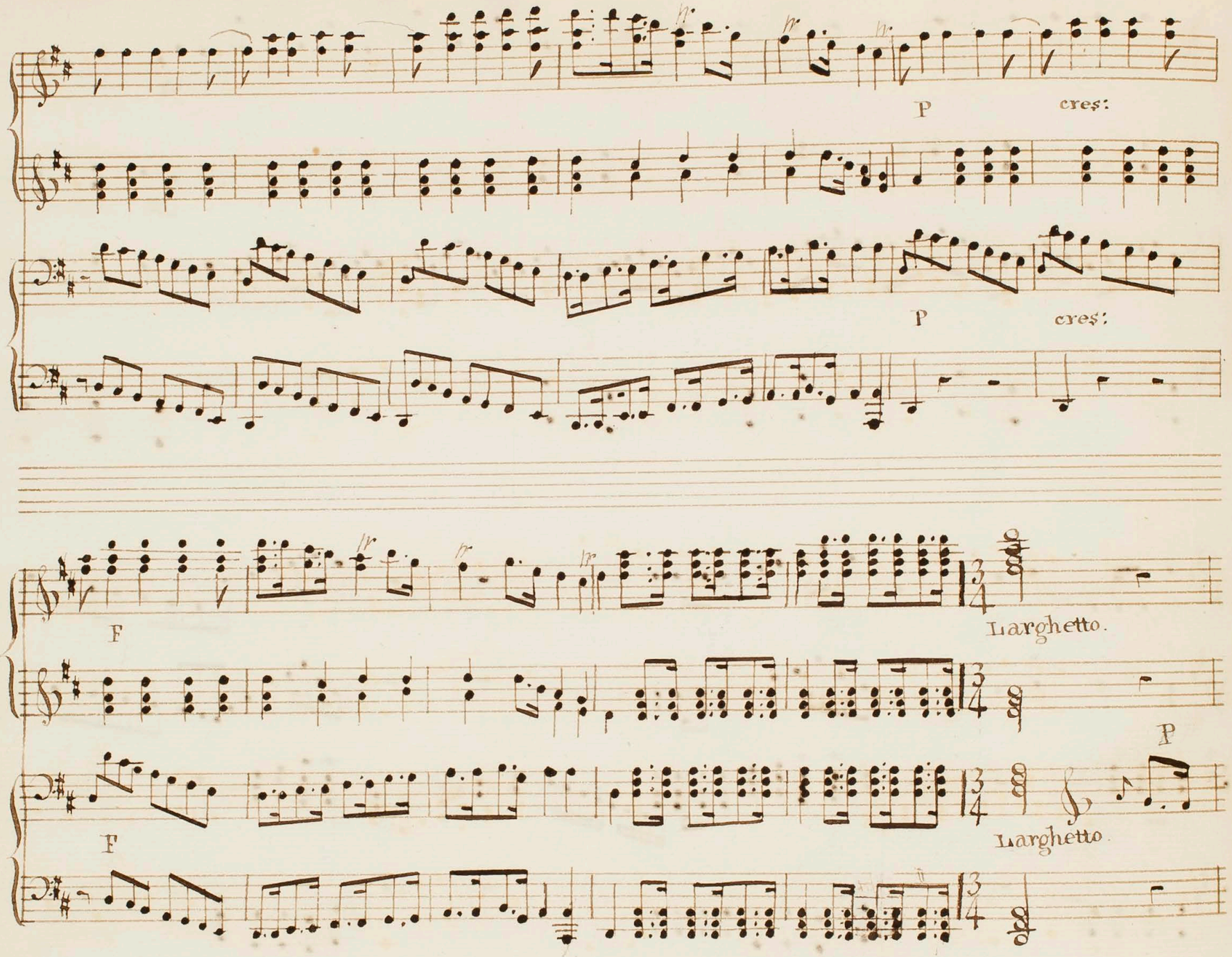
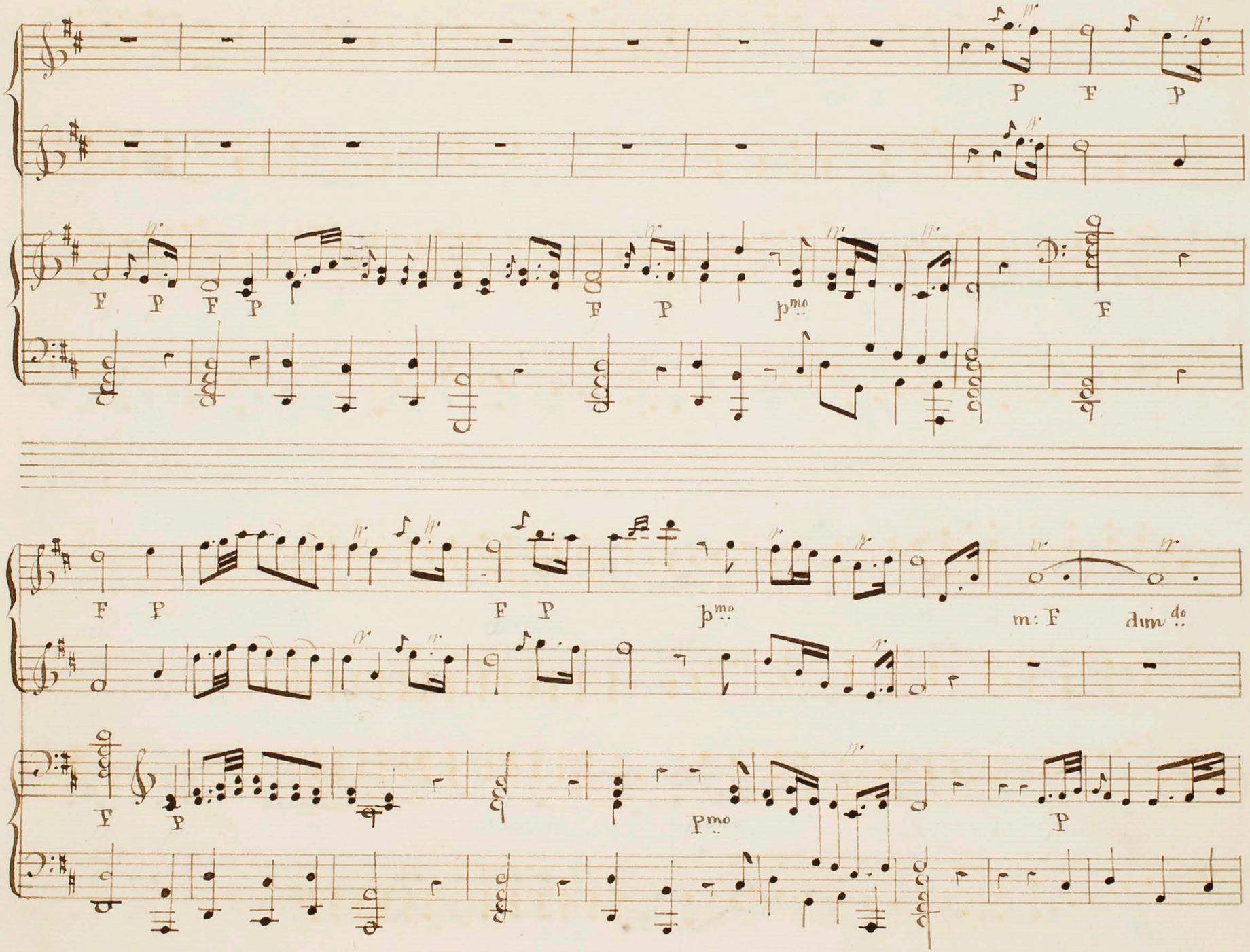
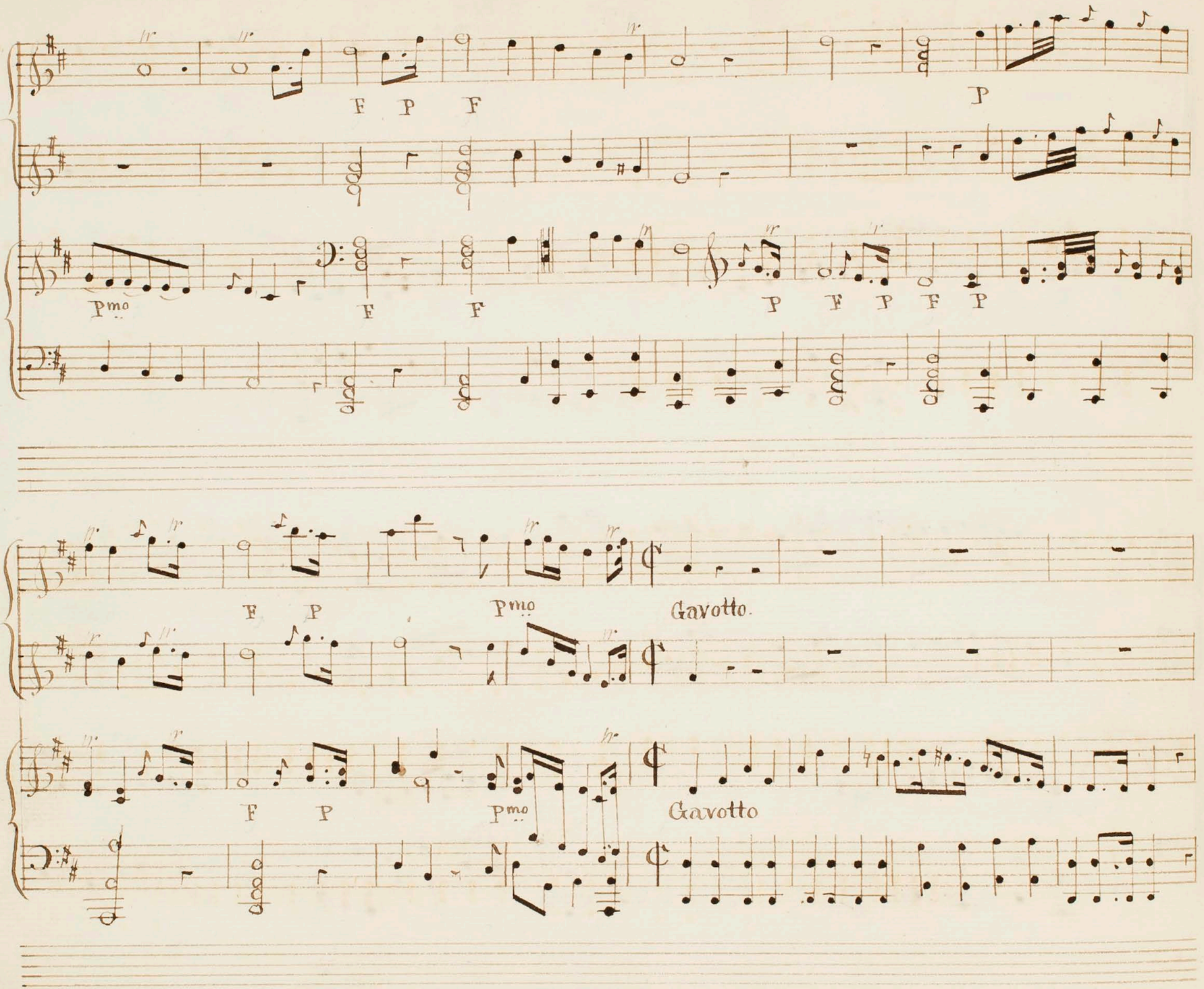
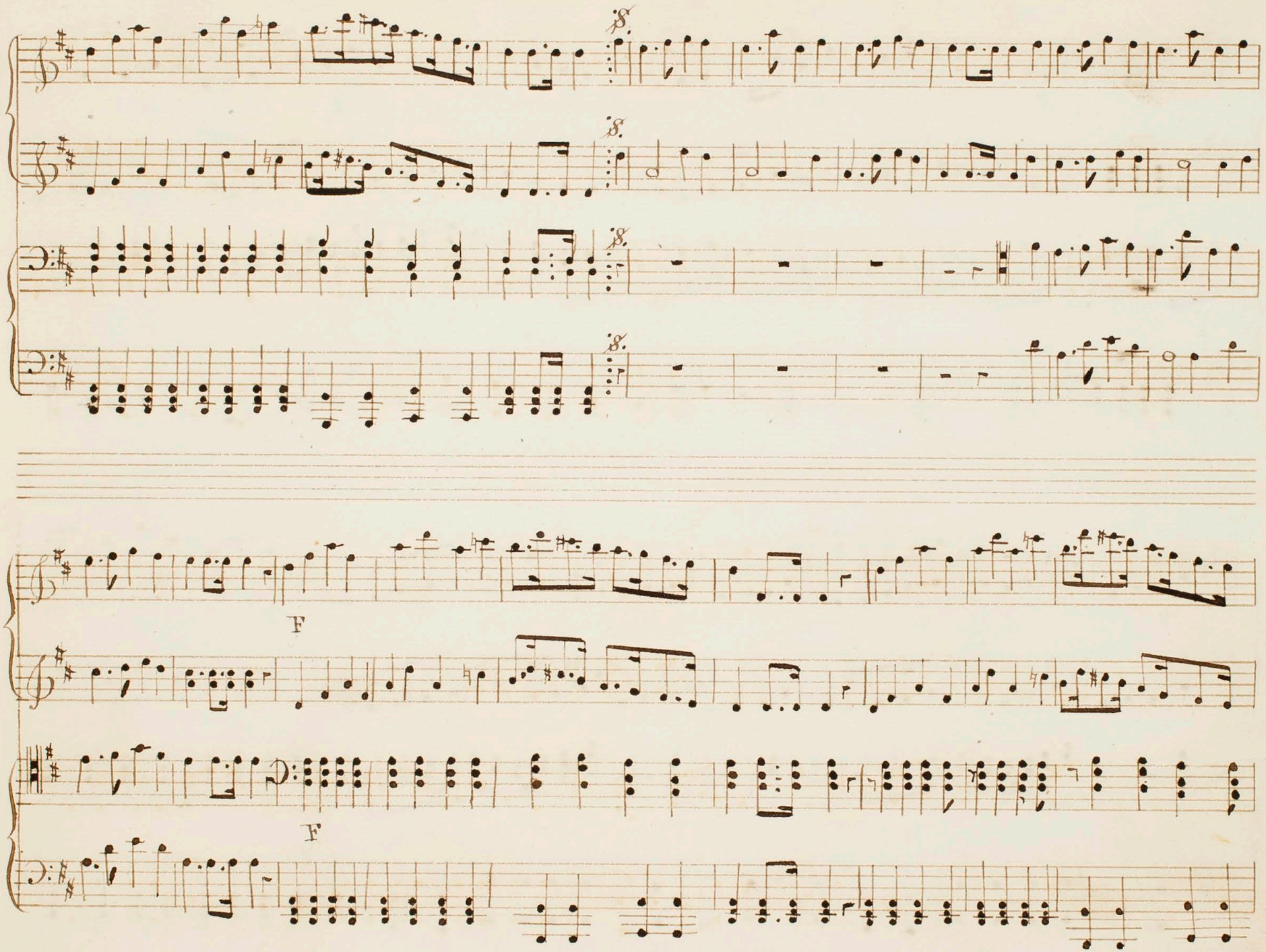

P
cres:
P
cres:
F
Larghetto.
P
F
Larghetto.


P F P
F P F P
F P
p mo
F
F P
F P
p mo
m: F
dim do
F
P
P mo
P


F P F
P
Pmo
F
F
P F P F P
F P
Pmo
Gavotto.
F P
Pmo
Gavotto


8.
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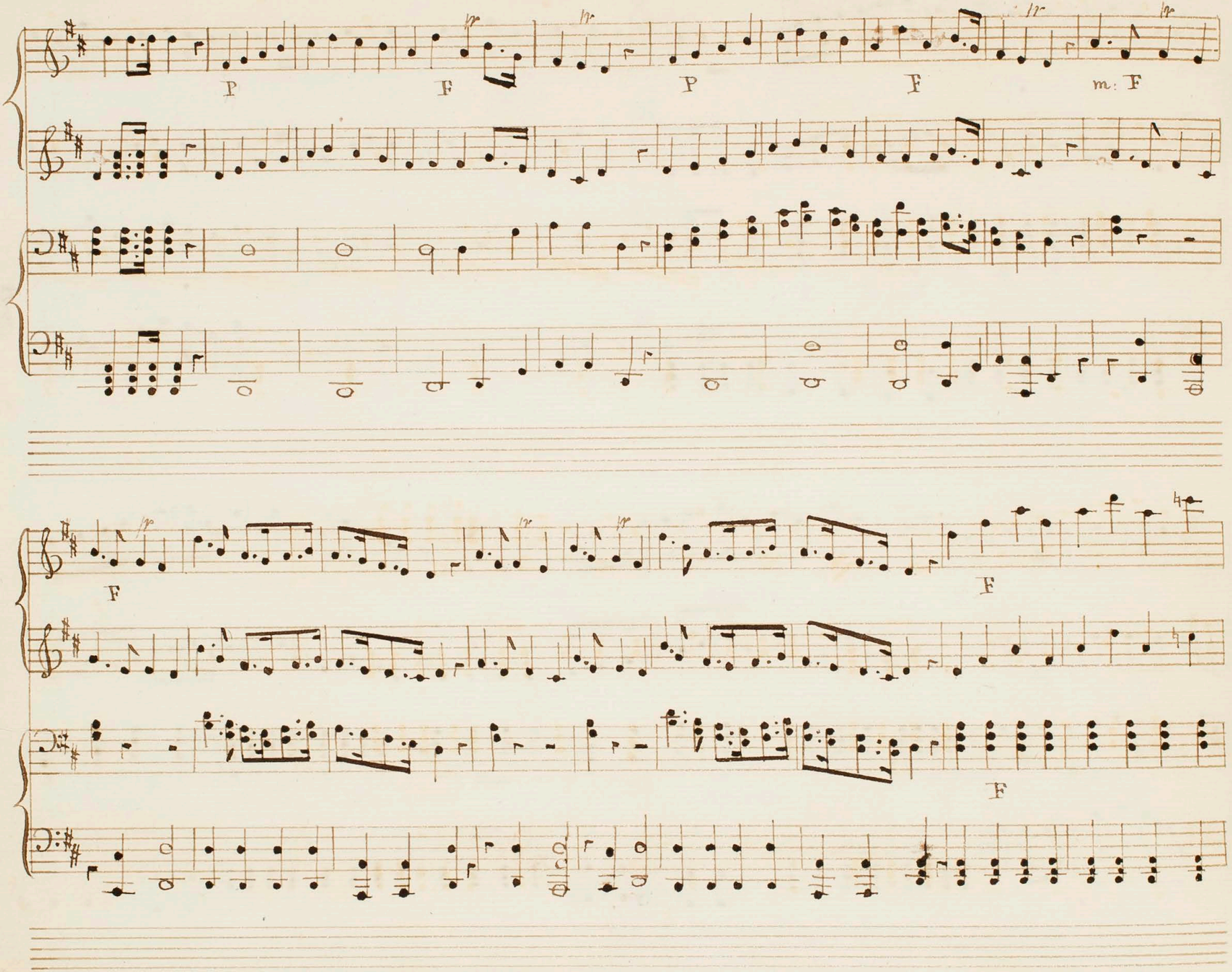
P
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m: F
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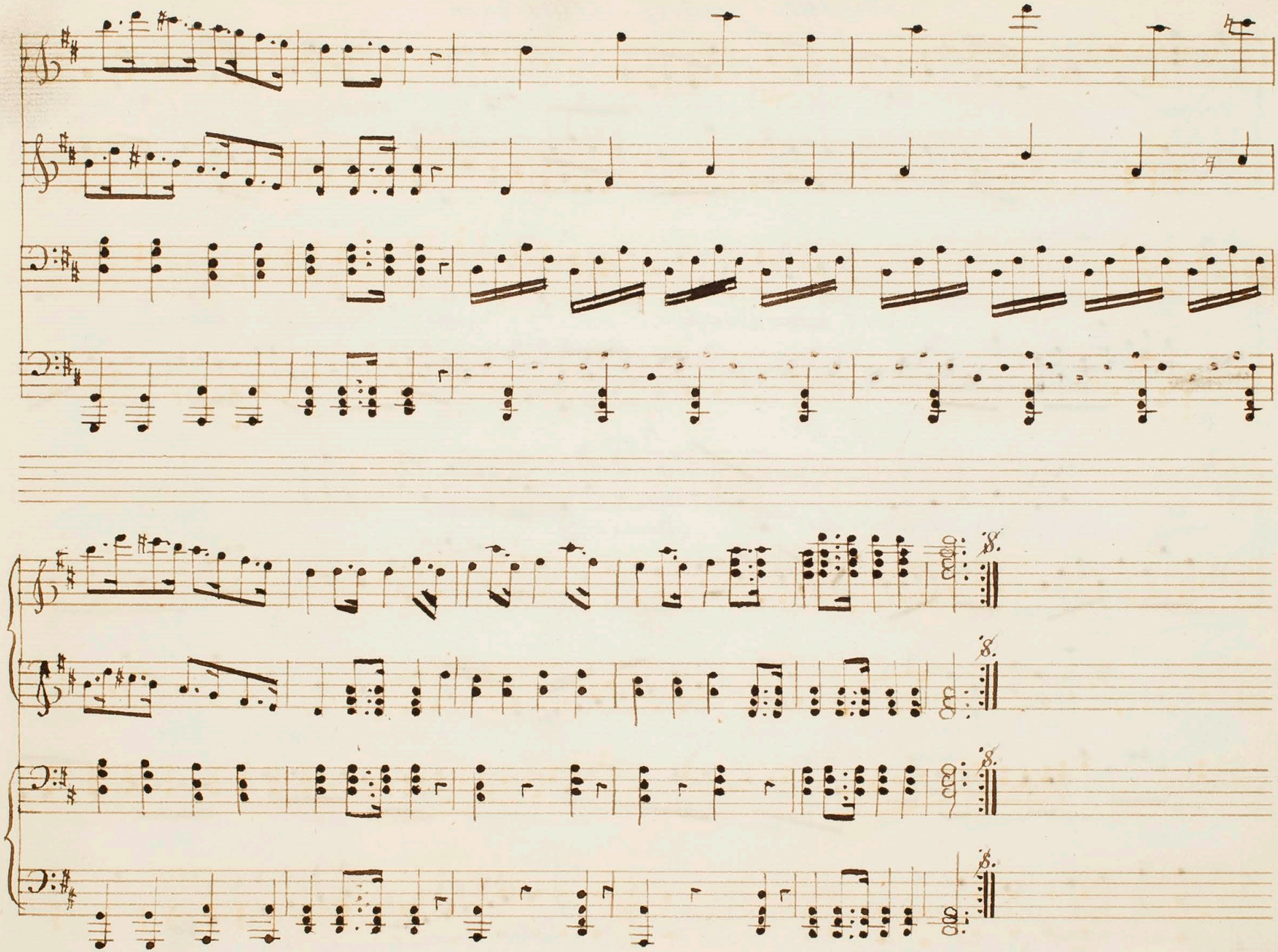
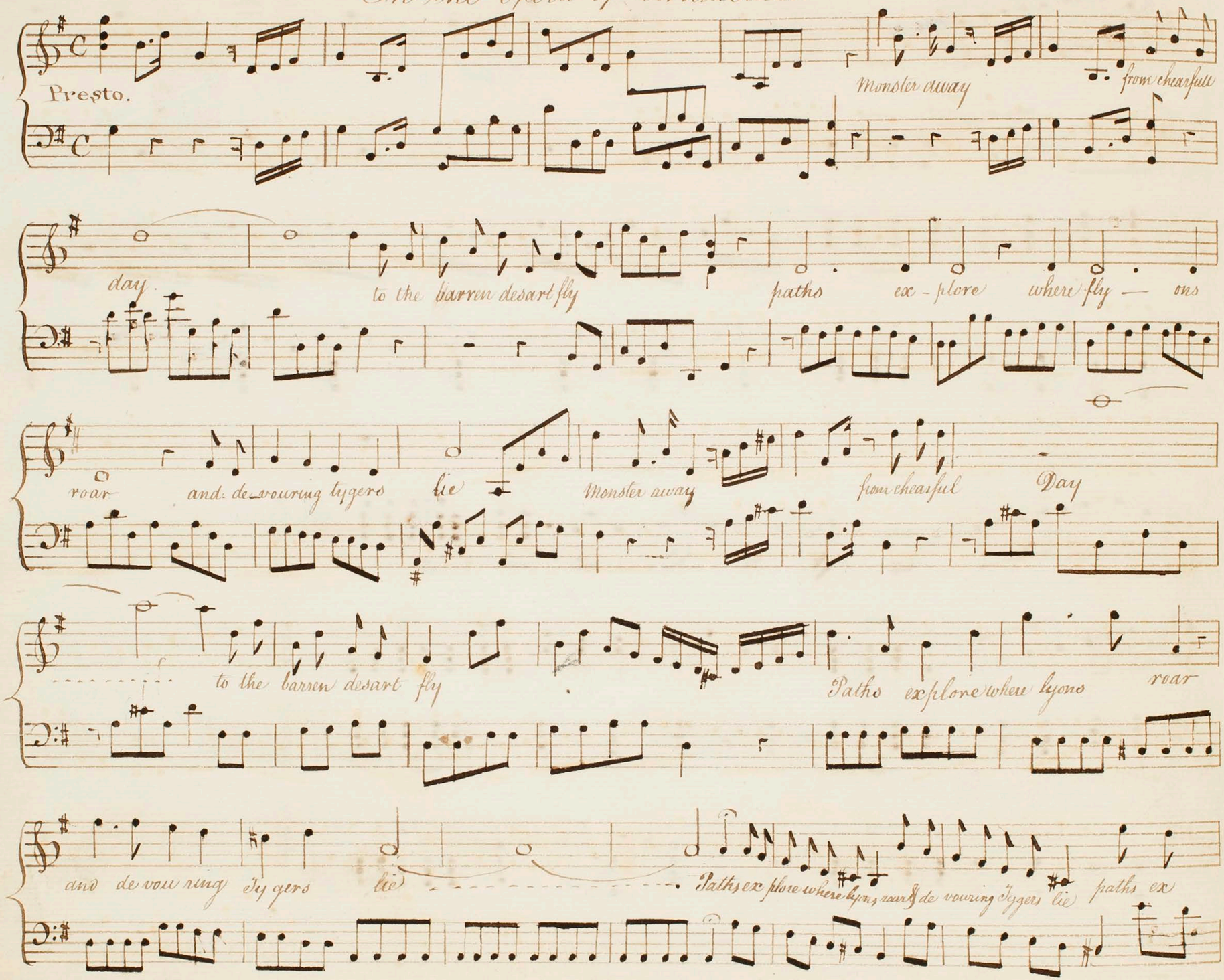
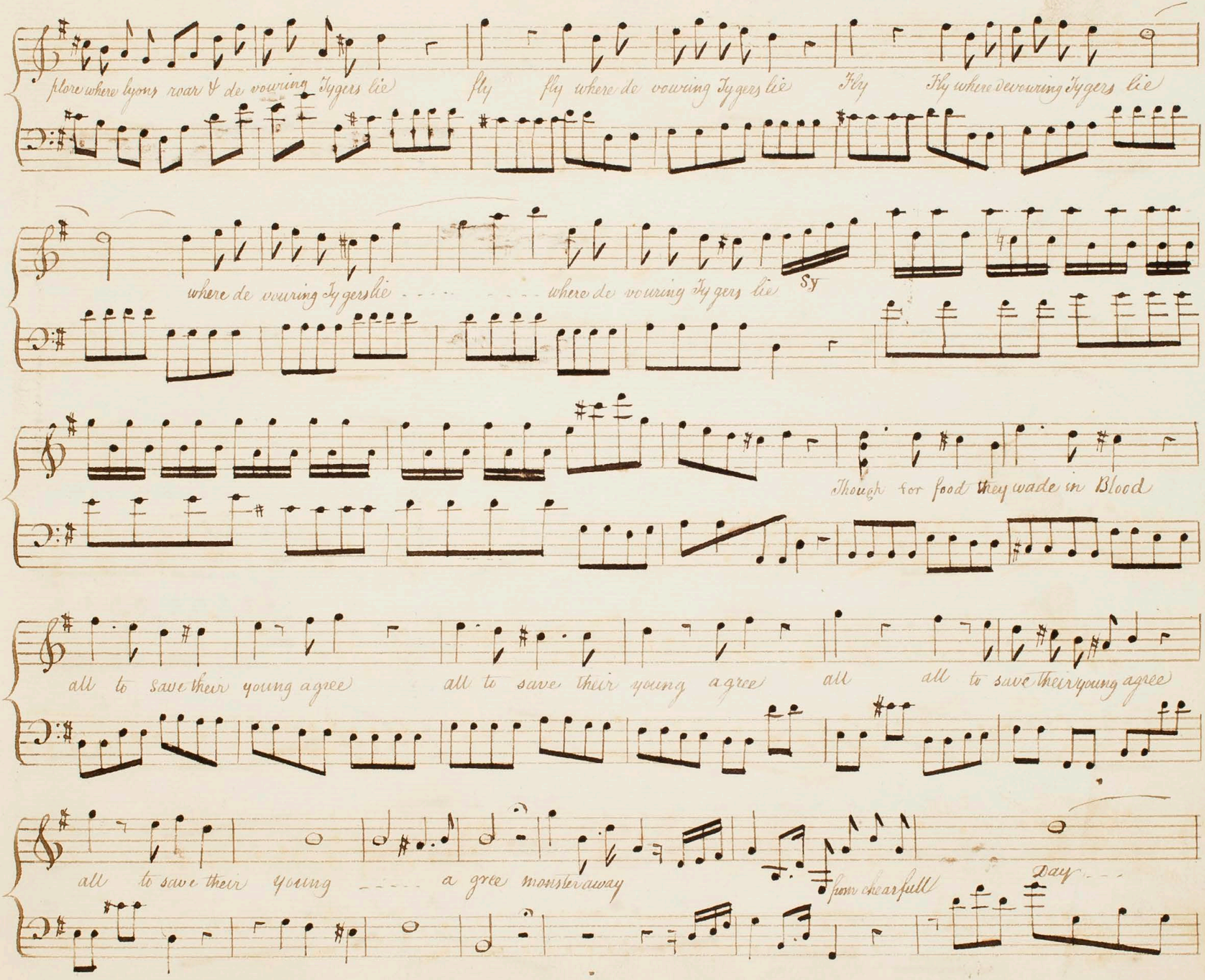
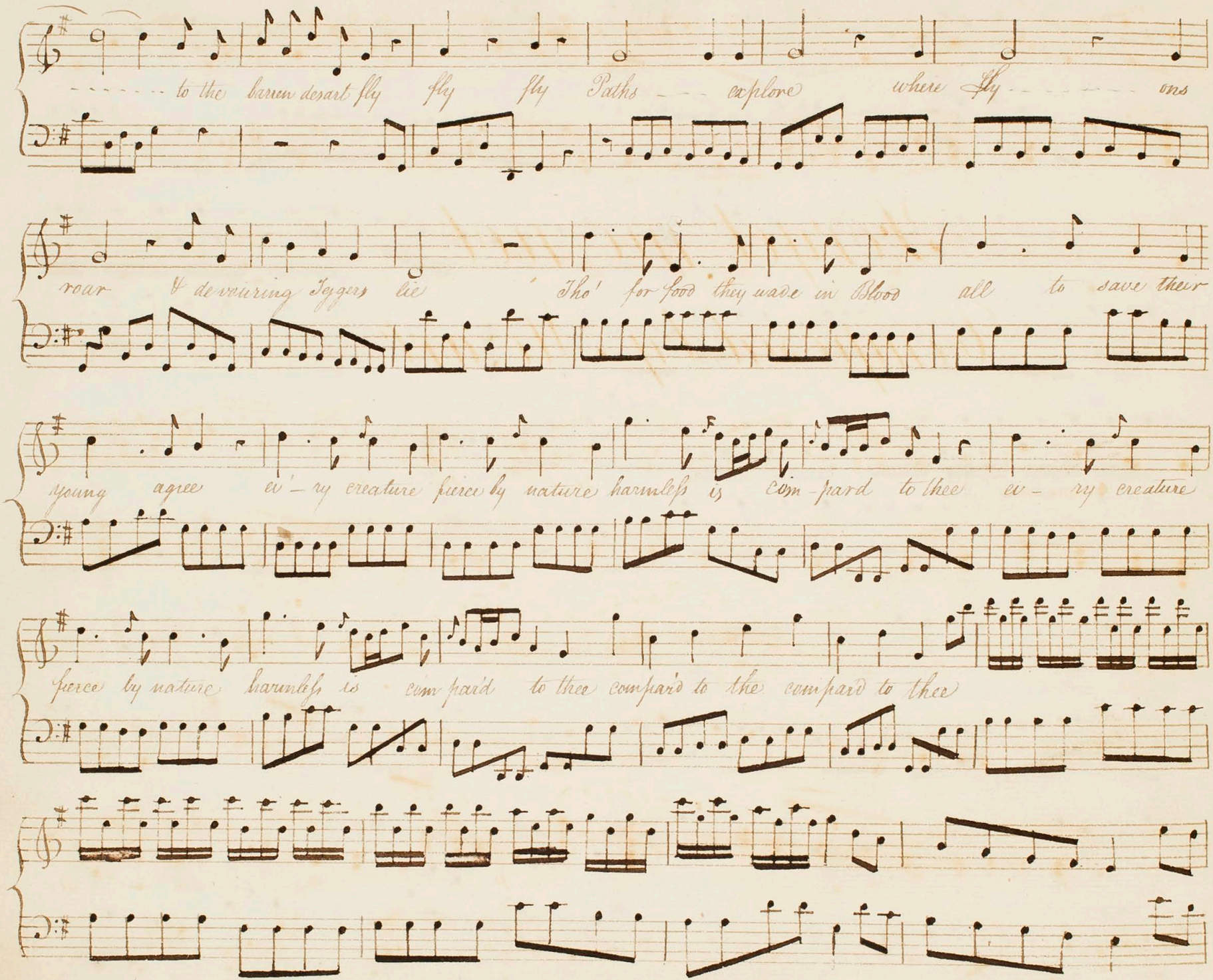
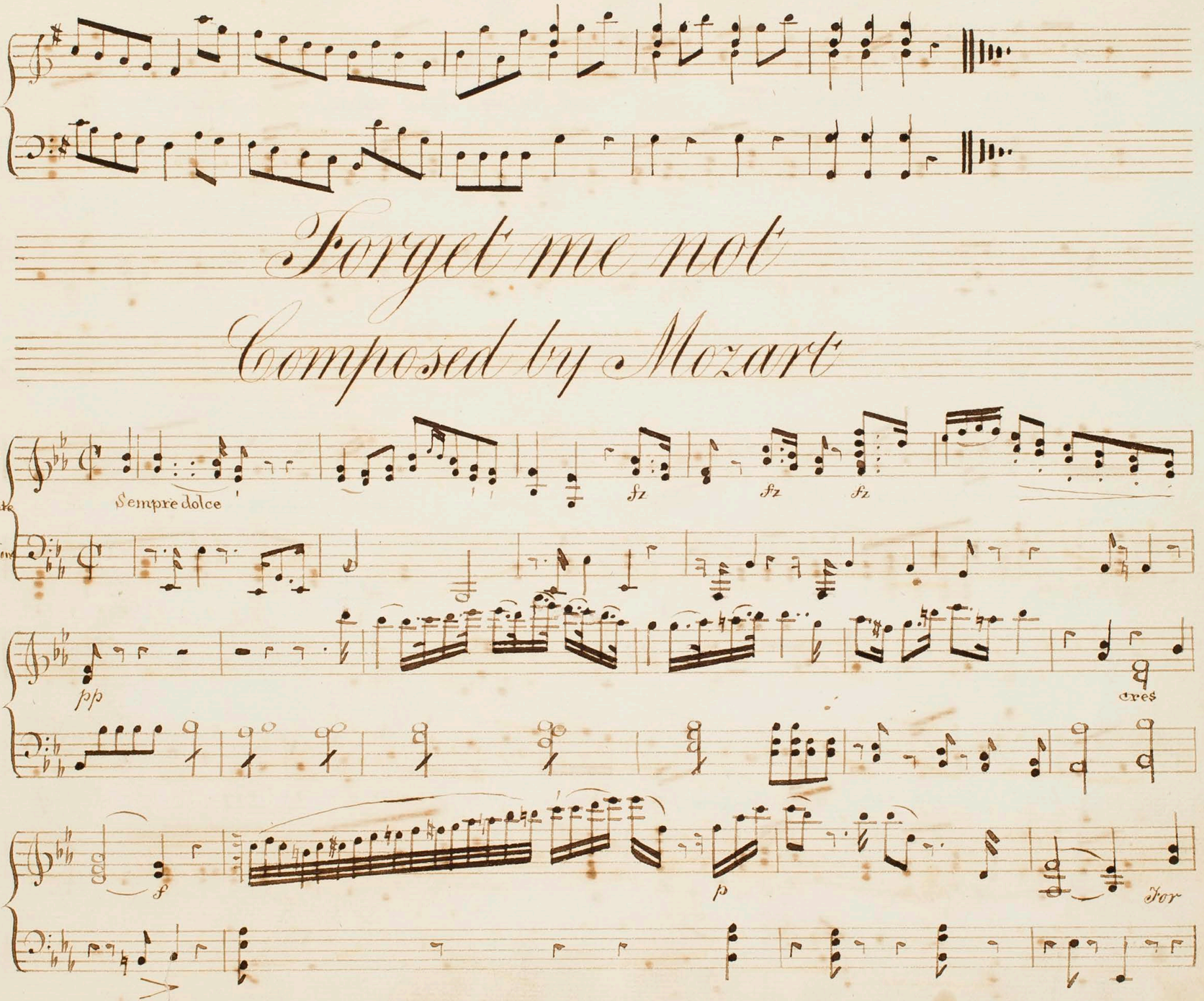


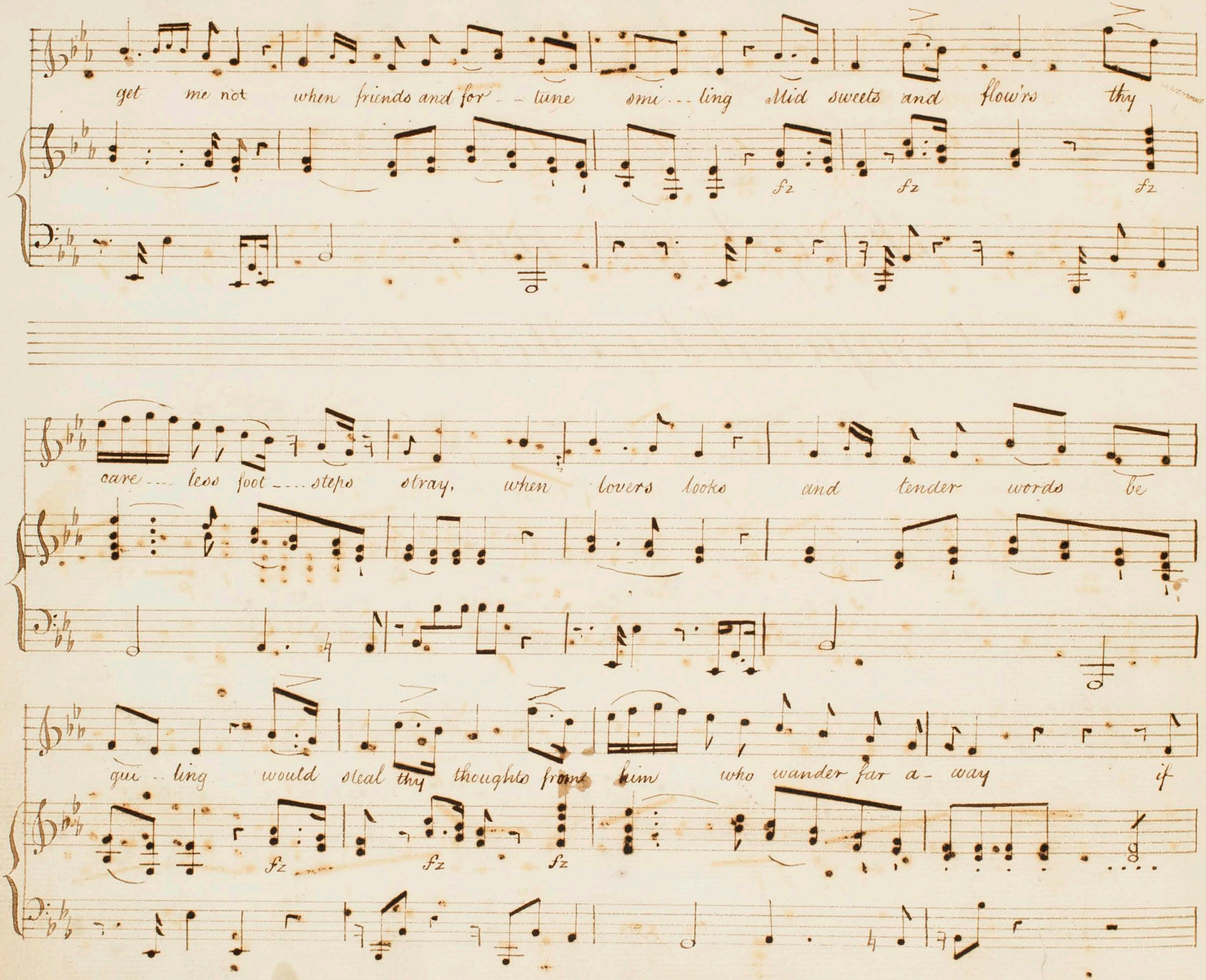
In the Opera of Artaxerxes.

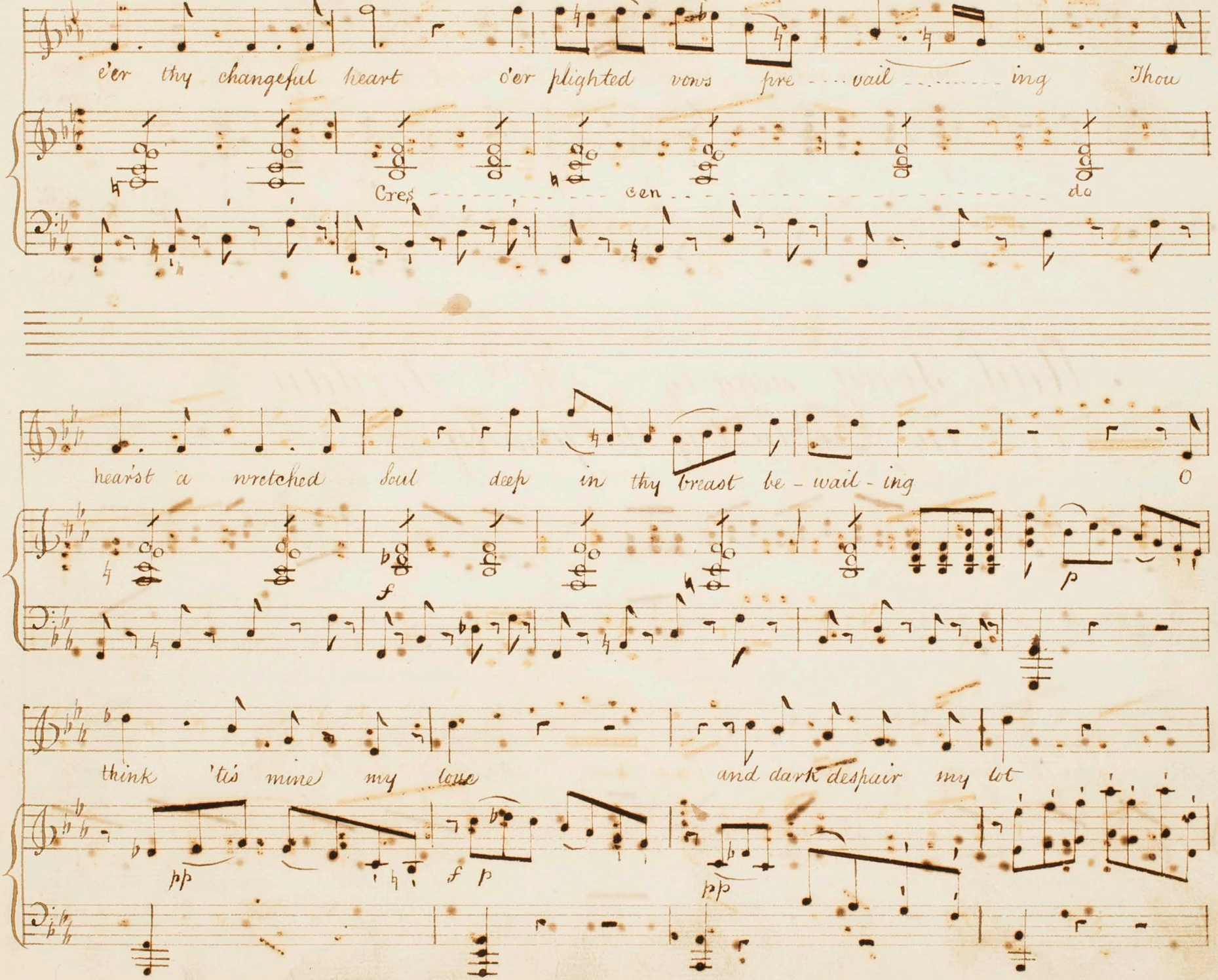



plore where lyons roar & de vouring Tygers lie
fly fly where de vouring Tygers lie
Fly Fly where devouring Tygers lie
where de vouring Tygers lie
where de vouring Tygers lie
Sy
Though for food they wade in Blood
all to save their young agree
all to save their young agree
all all to save their young agree
all to save their young
a gree monster away
from chearfull
Day


to the barren desart fly fly fly Paths explore where Sly ons
roar & devouring Jeggers lie Tho' for food they wade in Blood all to save their
young agree ev – ry creature fierce by nature harmless is com-pard to thee ev – ry creature
fierce by nature harmless is com pard to thee compard to the compard to thee


Forget me not
Composed by Mozart
Adagio
compesante
Expressiv
Sempre dolce
fz
fz
fz
pp
cres
f
p
for


get me not when friends and for - tune smi - ling
Mid sweets and flow'rs thy
fz
fz
fz
care - less foot - steps stray, when lovers looks and tender words be
gui - ling would steal thy thoughts from him who wander far a - way if
fz
fz
fz


e'er thy changeful heart o'er plighted vows pre - vail - ing Thou
Cres - cen - do
hear'st a wretched soul deep in thy breast be - wail - ing O
f
p
think 'tis mine my love and dark despair my lot
pp
f p
pp

forget me not for-get me not forget me not.

Dal Segno :S:

f p fz p p/p

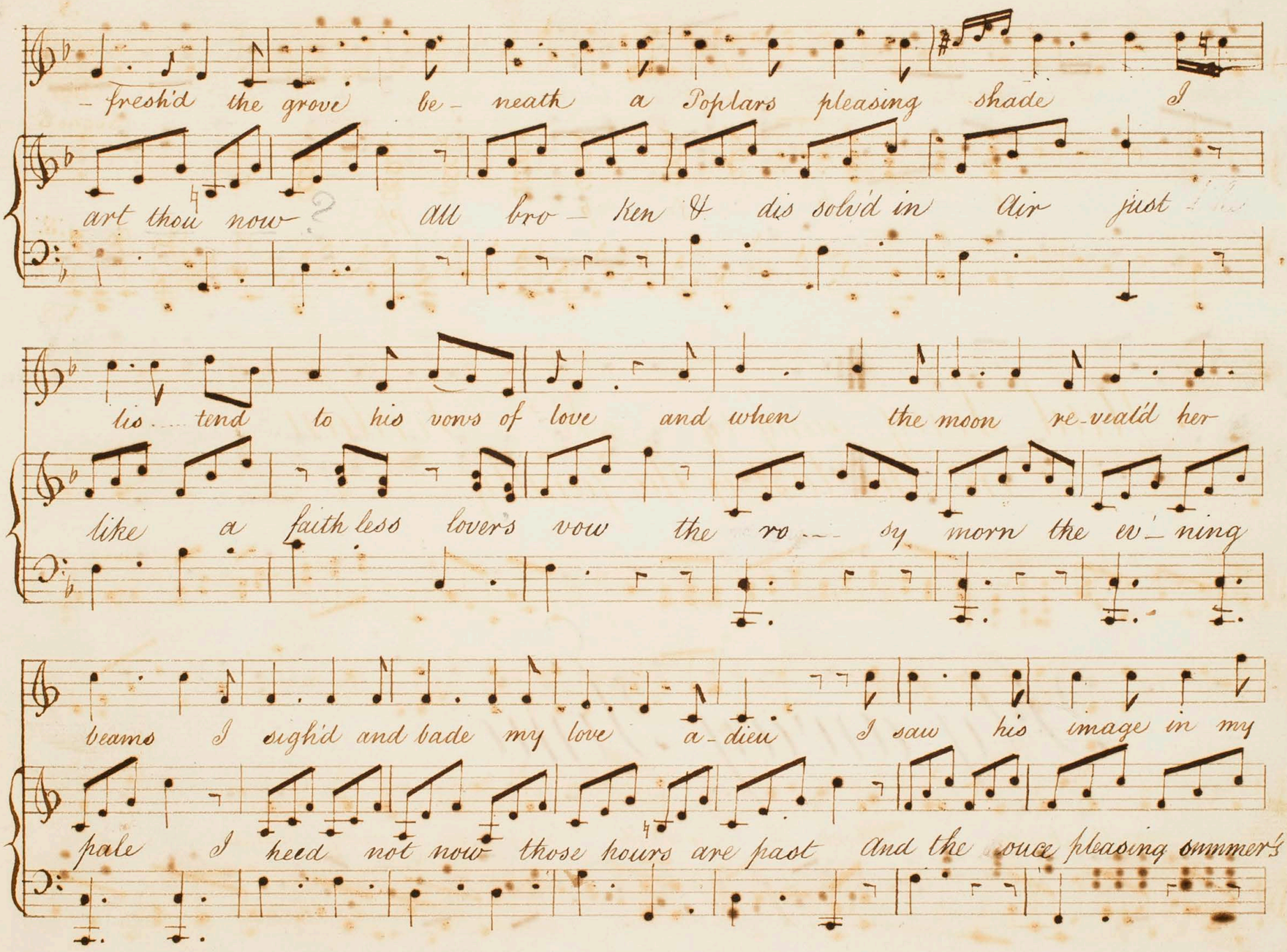
:S:

V.S.

Mad Song sung by Mrs Jordan in the last of the family

Blest were the hours in which I strayd when ev.....ning winds re-

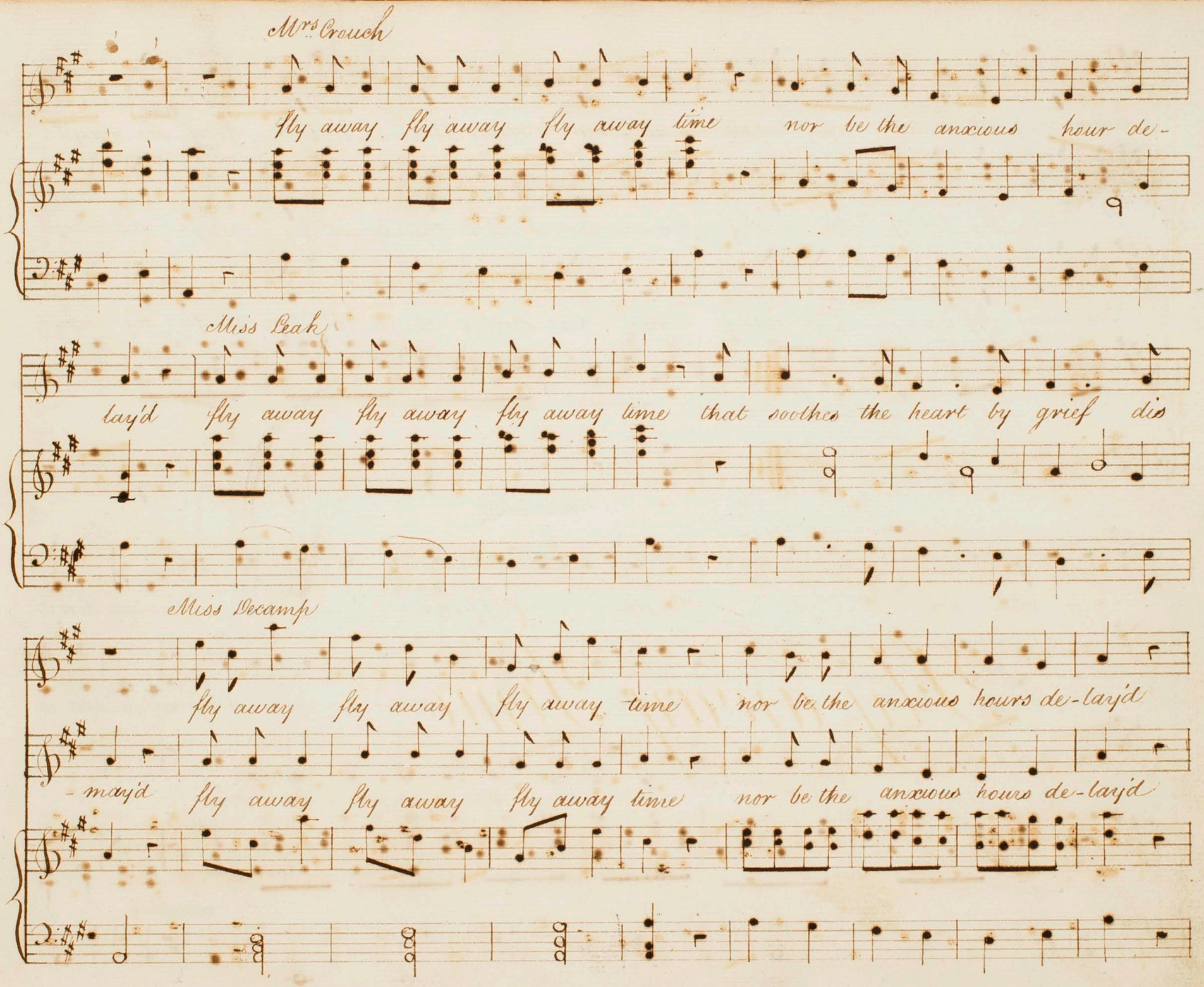
thou pleasing im-age sweet and fair ah hap-py dream where

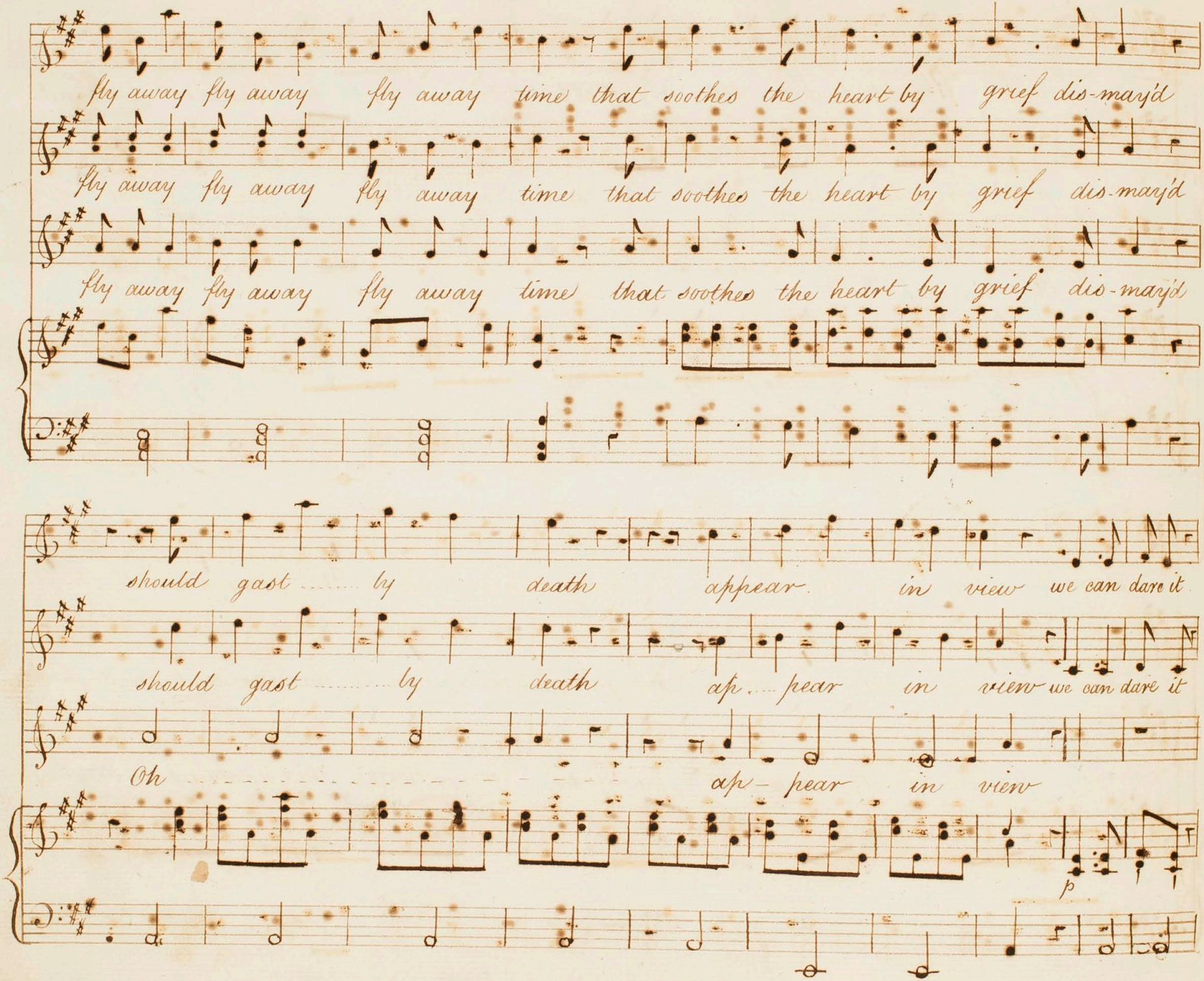

– fresh'd the grove be – neath a Poplars pleasing shade I
art thou now all bro – ken & dis solv'd in Air just
lis – tend to his vows of love and when the moon re-veal'd her
like a faithless lover's vow the ro – sy morn the ev'-ning
beams I sigh'd and bade my love a-dieu I saw his image in my
pale I heed not now those hours are past and the once pleasing summer's

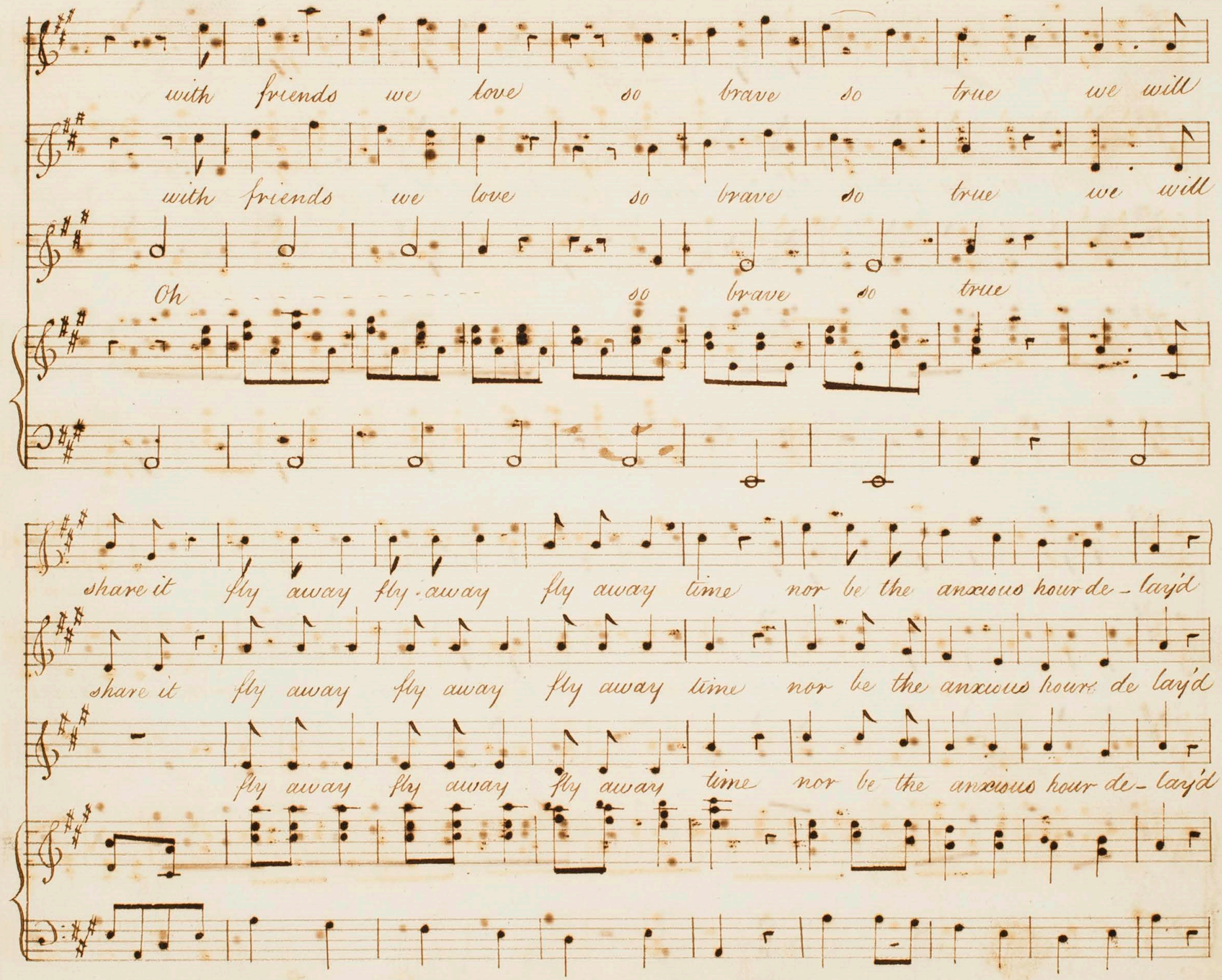
dream it told me all his vows were true

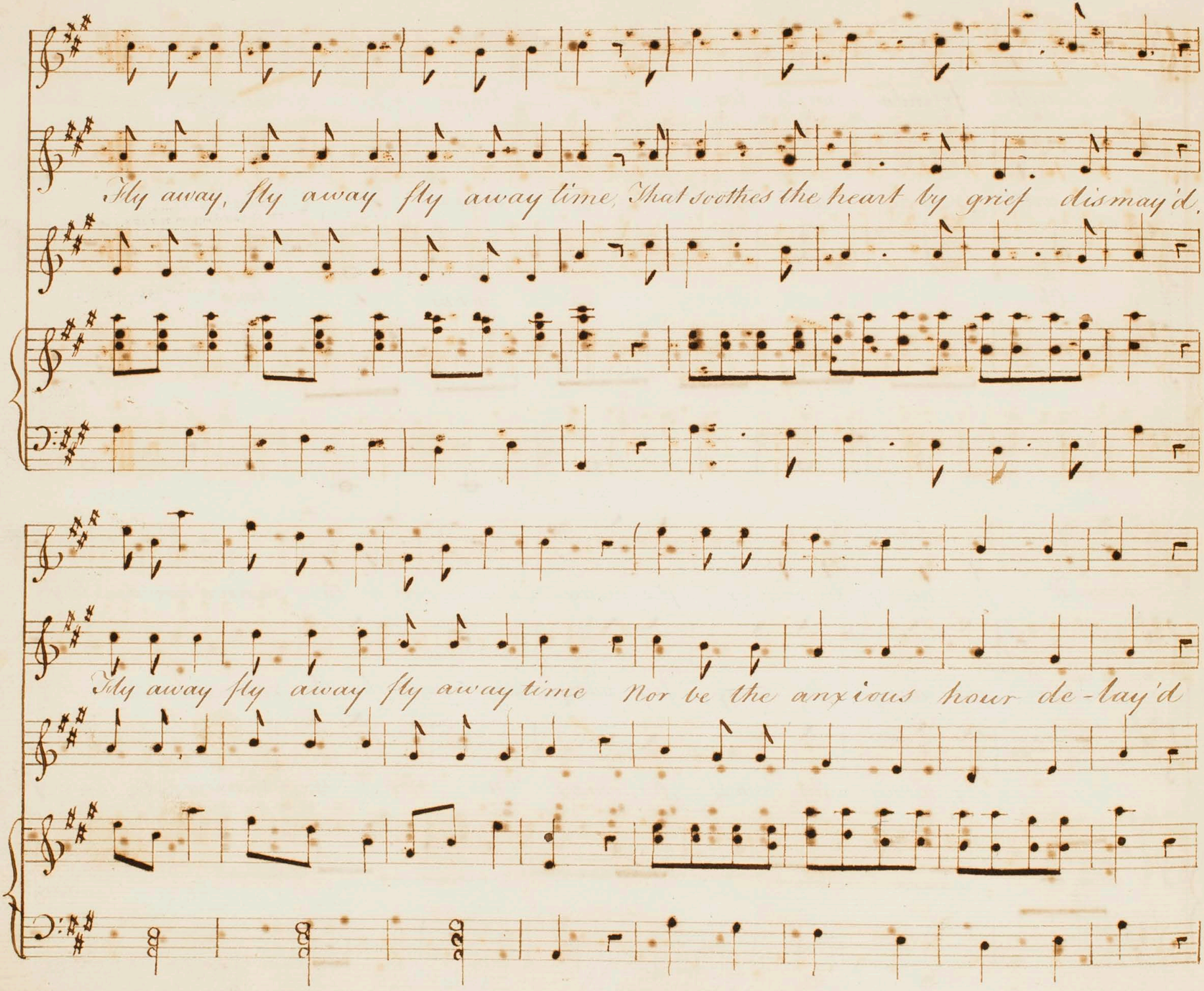
gale Is cheer less as the wintry blast.

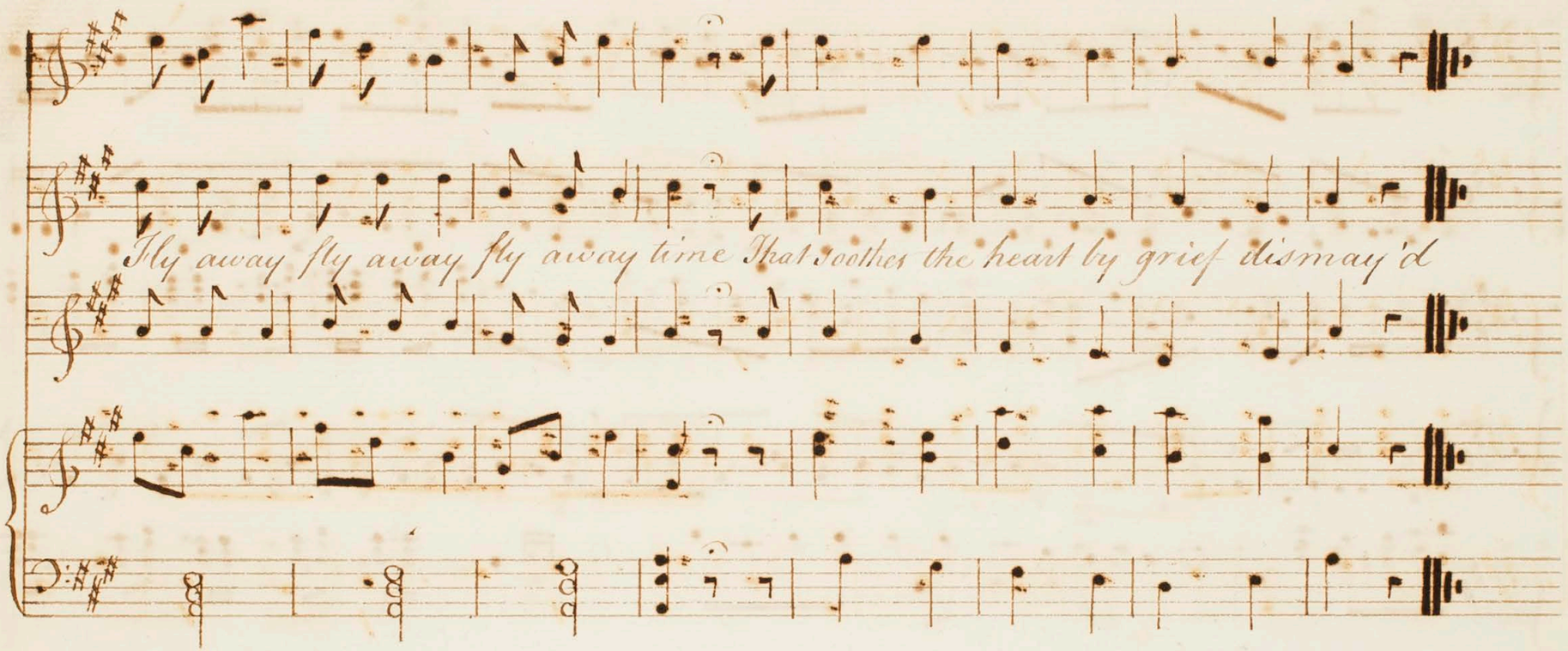
Fly away Time

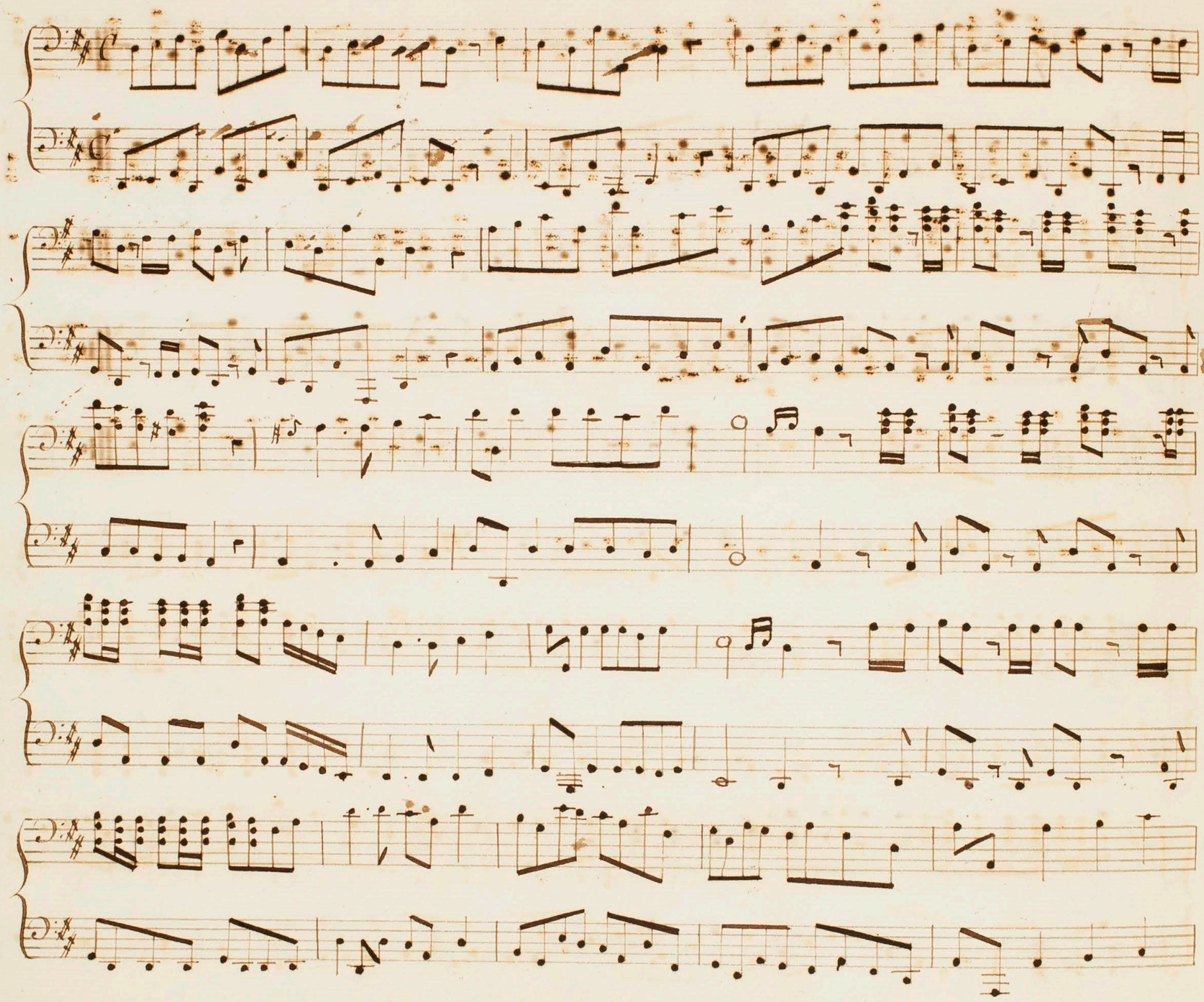

Mrs. Crouch
fly away fly away fly away time nor be the anxious hour de-
Miss Leak
lay'd fly away fly away fly away time that soothes the heart by grief dis
Miss Decamp
fly away fly away fly away time nor be the anxious hours de-lay'd
-may'd fly away fly away fly away time nor be the anxious hours de-lay'd

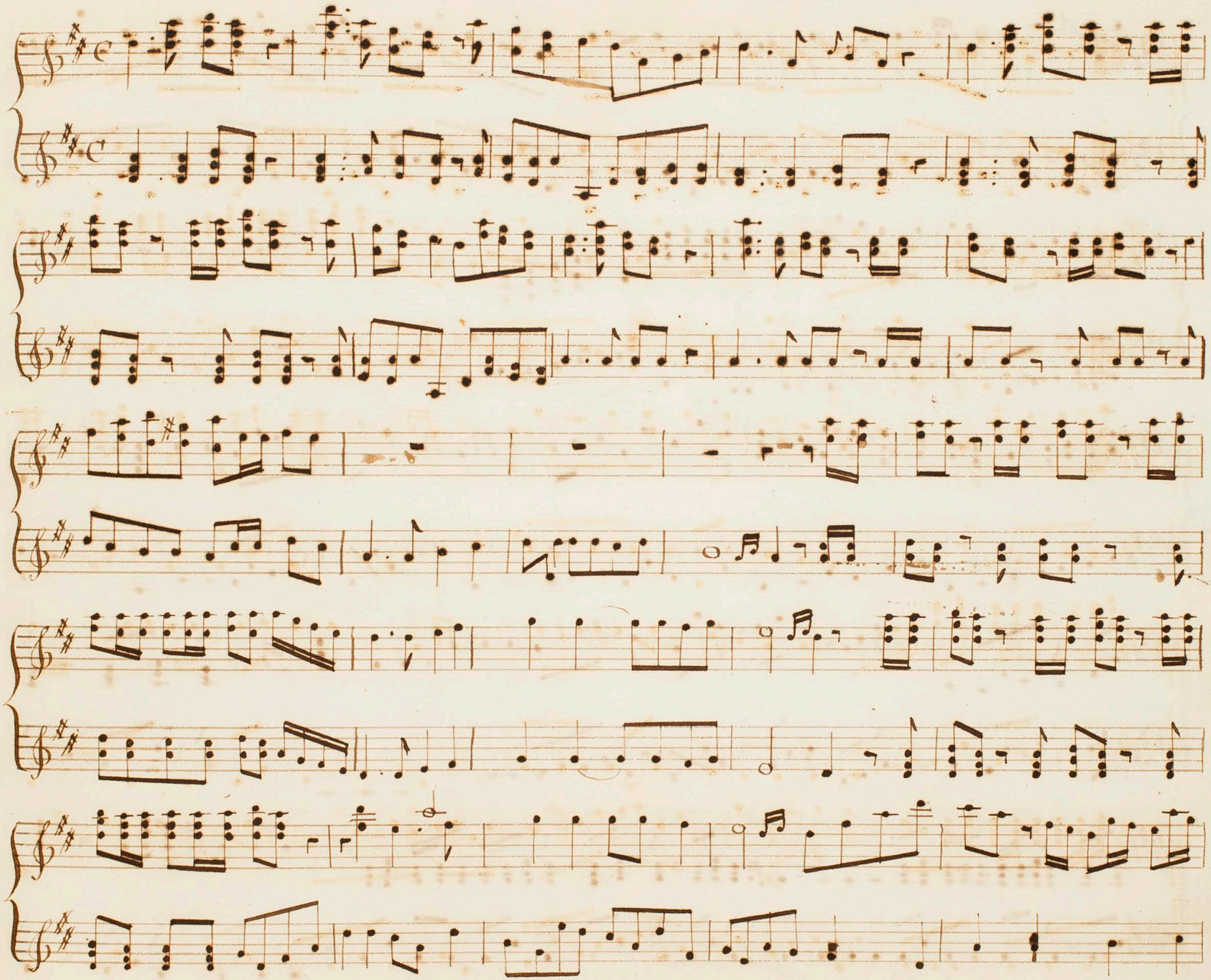

fly away fly away fly away time that soothes the heart by grief dis-may'd
fly away fly away fly away time that soothes the heart by grief dis-may'd
fly away fly away fly away time that soothes the heart by grief dis-may'd
should gast ..... by death appear in view we can dare it
should gast ..... by death ap.... pear in view we can dare it
Oh ..... ap- pear in view
p

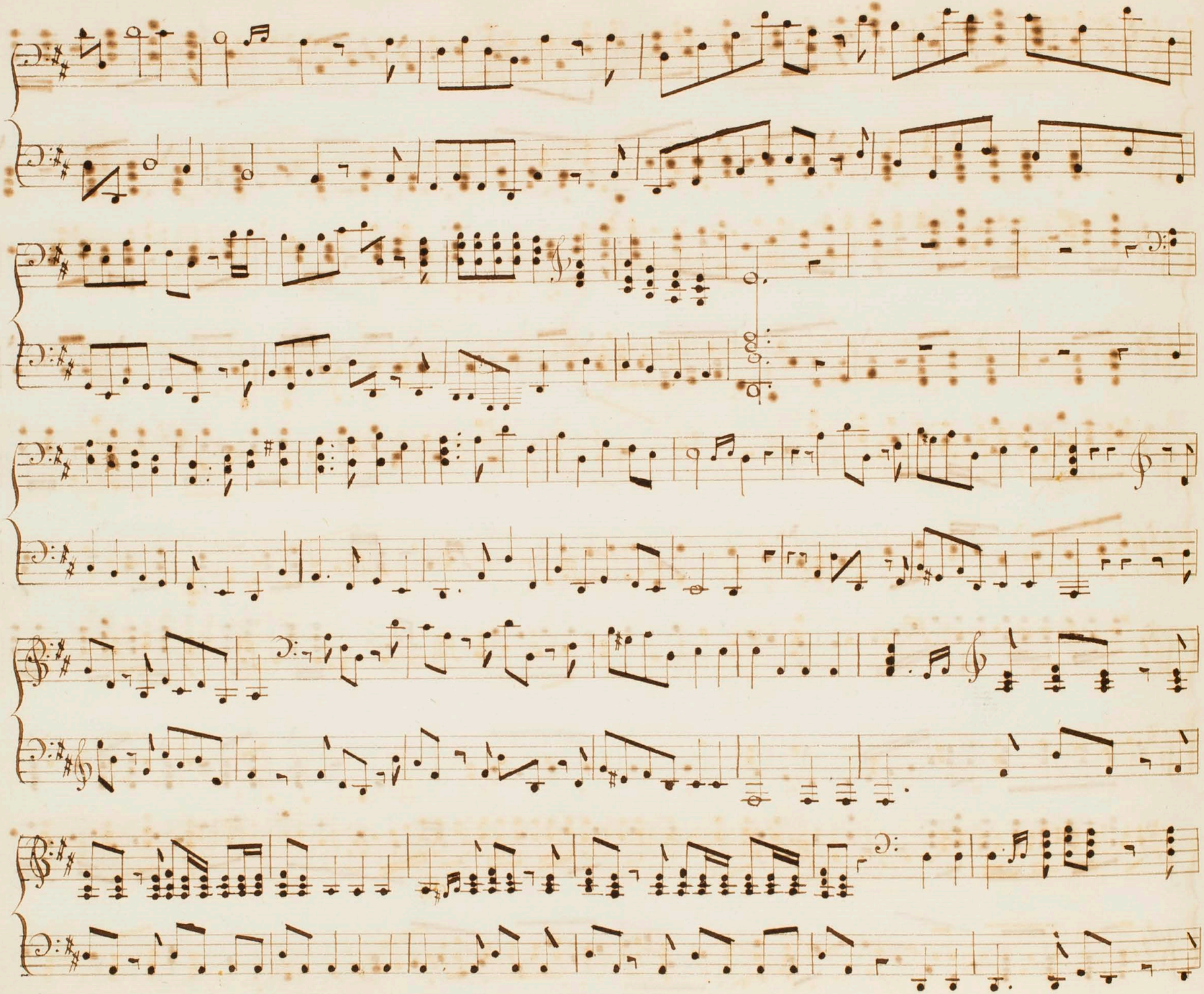

with friends we love so brave so true we will
with friends we love so brave so true we will
Oh
so brave so true
share it fly away fly away fly away time nor be the anxious hour de-lay'd
share it fly away fly away fly away time nor be the anxious hour de lay'd
fly away fly away fly away time nor be the anxious hour de-lay'd

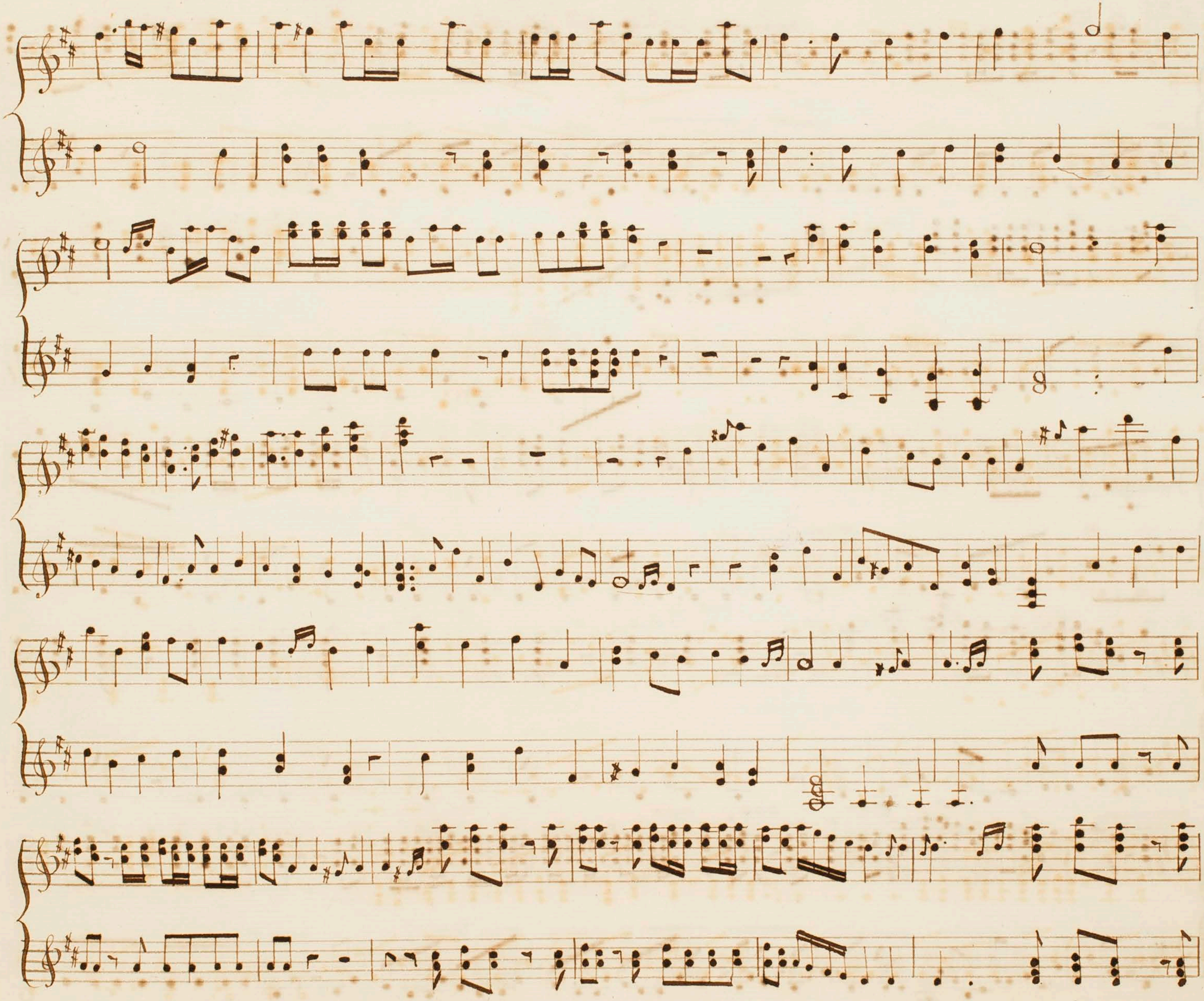

Fly away, fly away fly away time, That soothes the heart by grief dismay'd,
Fly away fly away fly away time Nor be the anxious hour de-lay'd

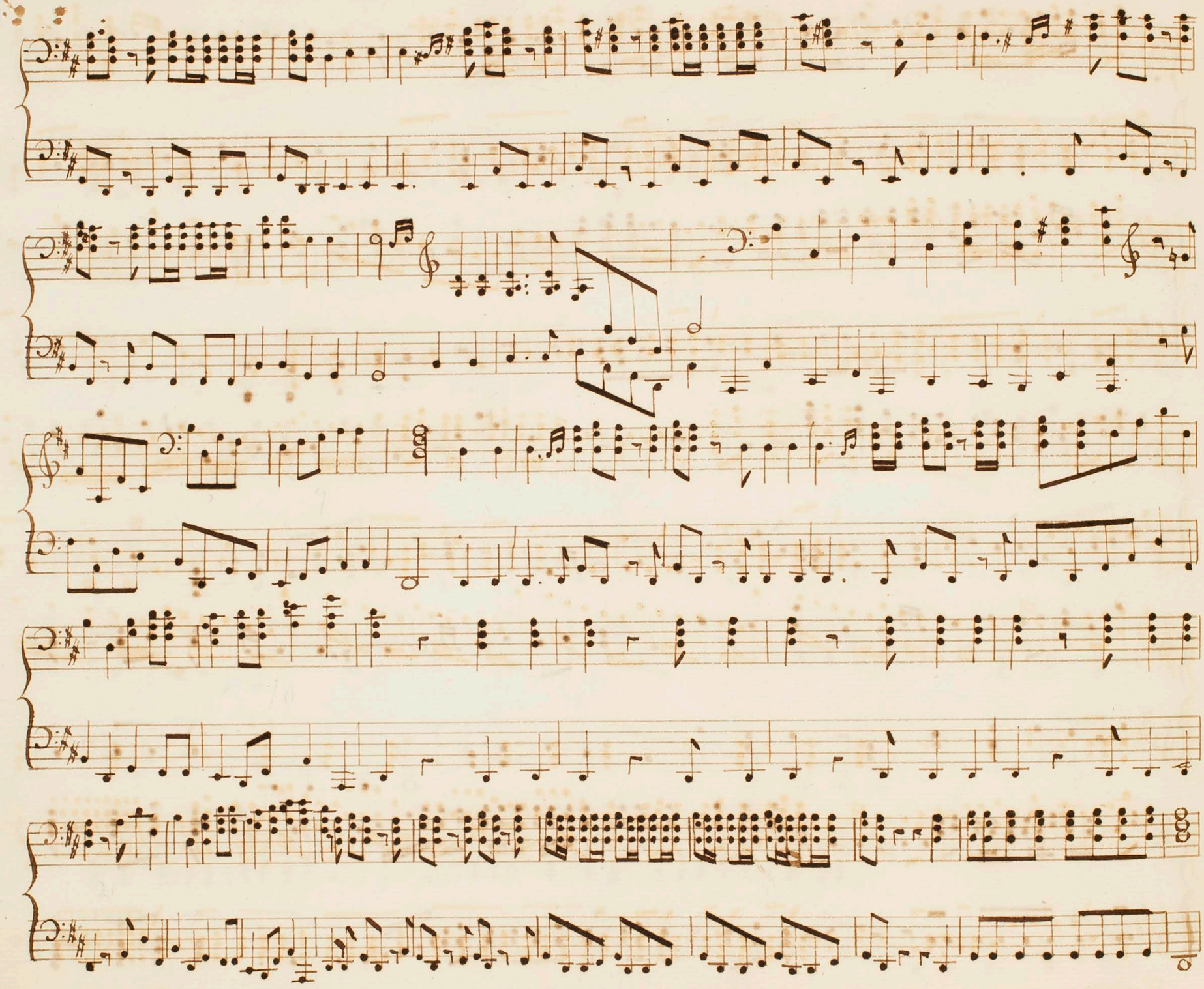

Fly away fly away fly away time That soothes the heart by grief dismay'd

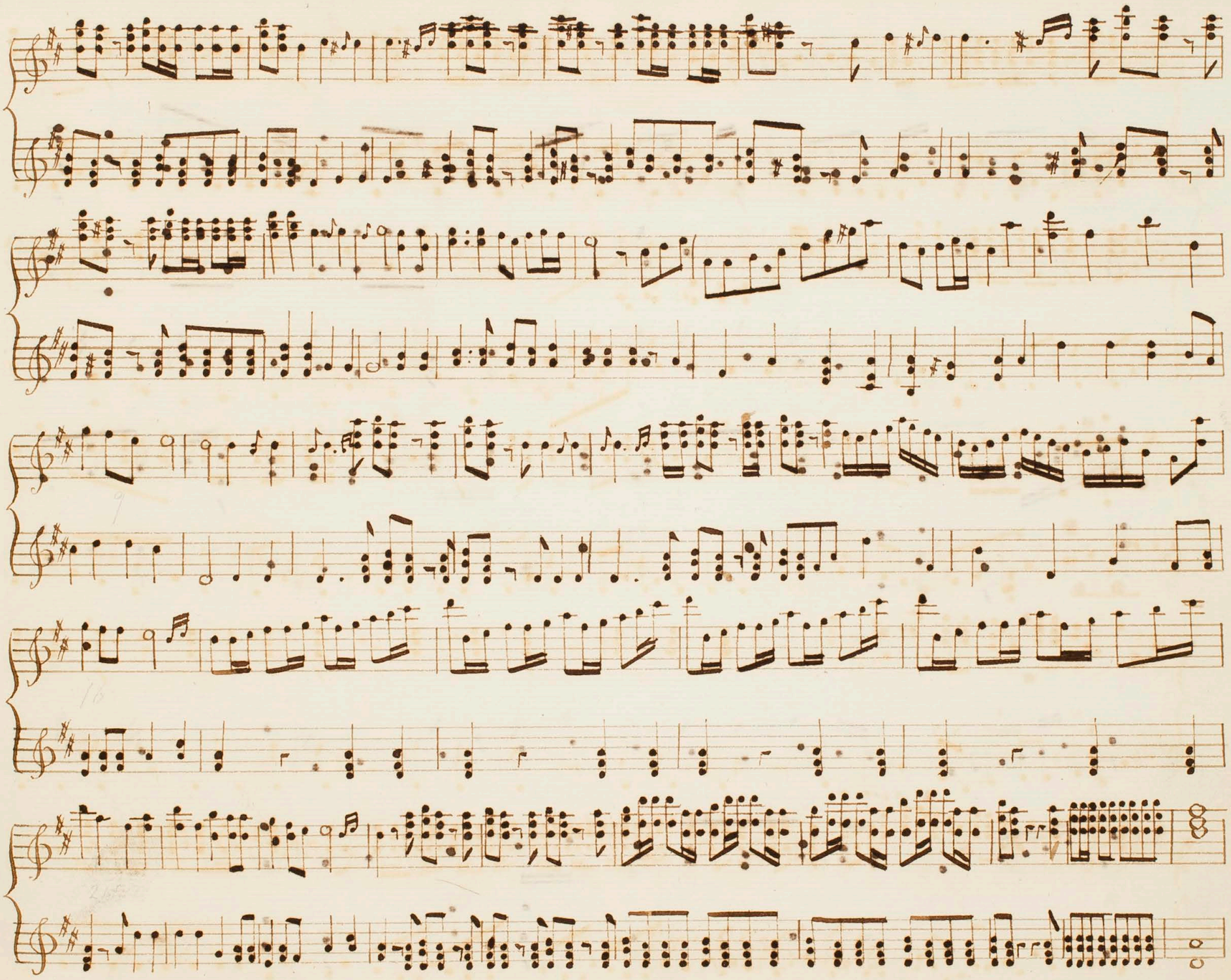




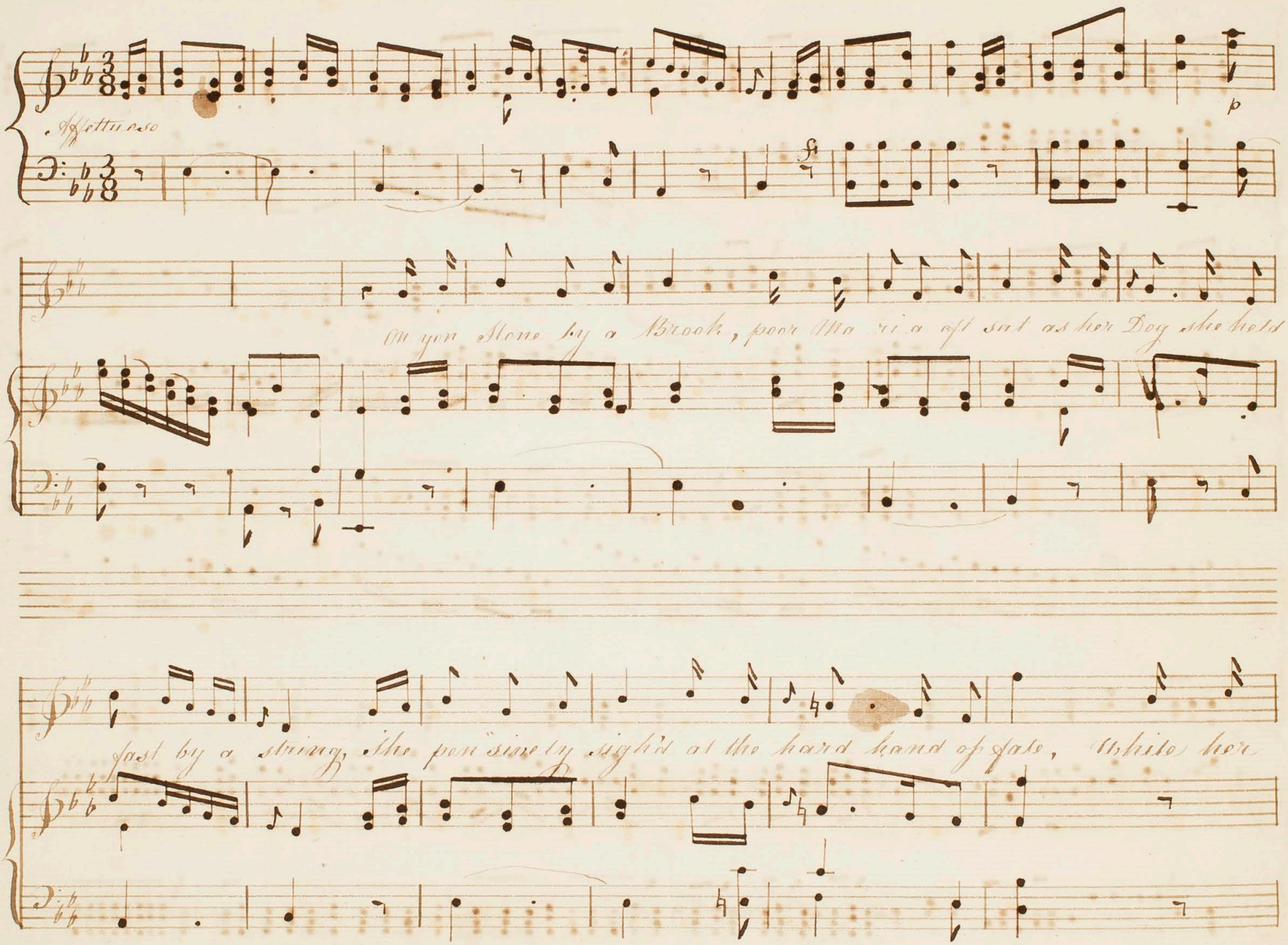


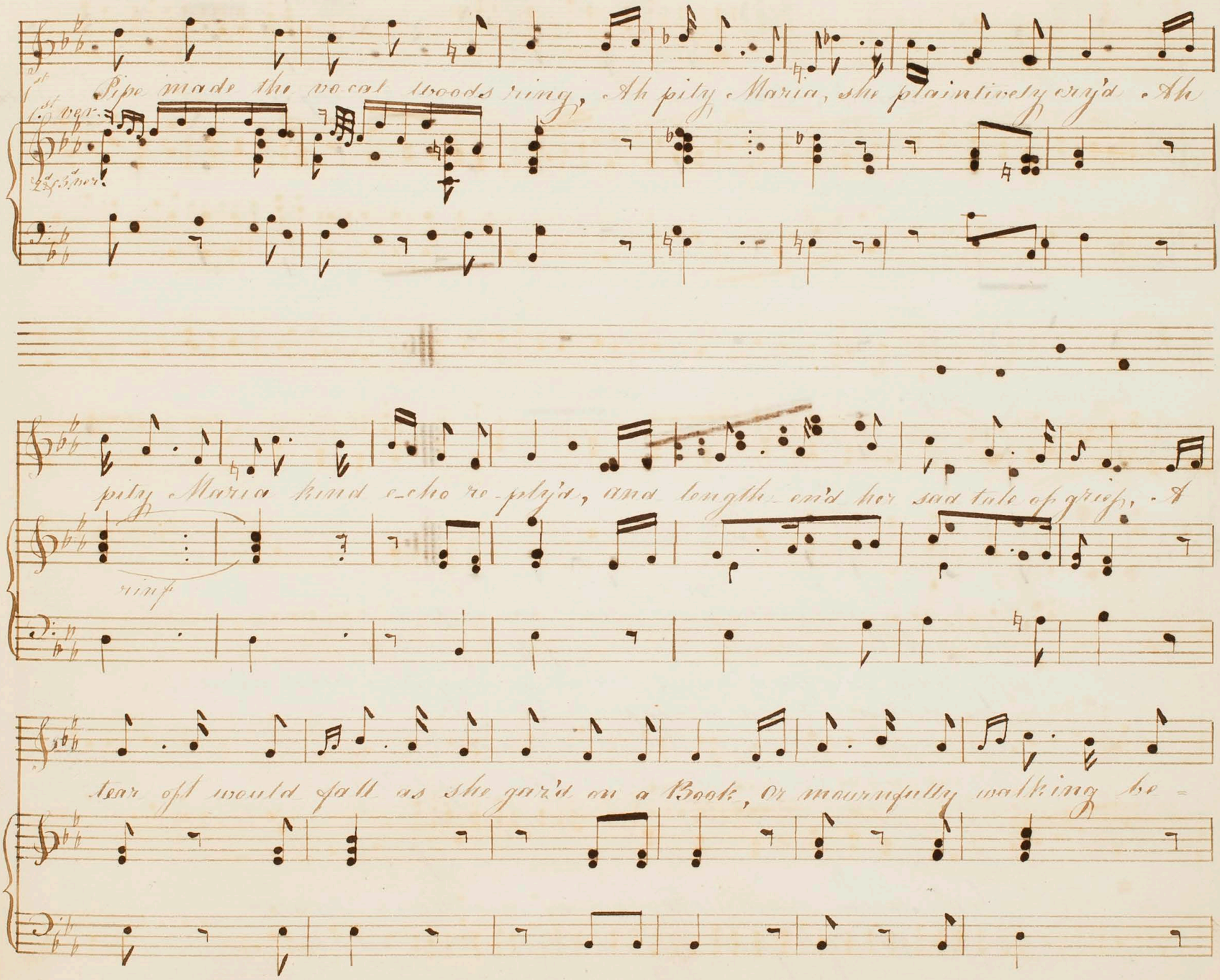


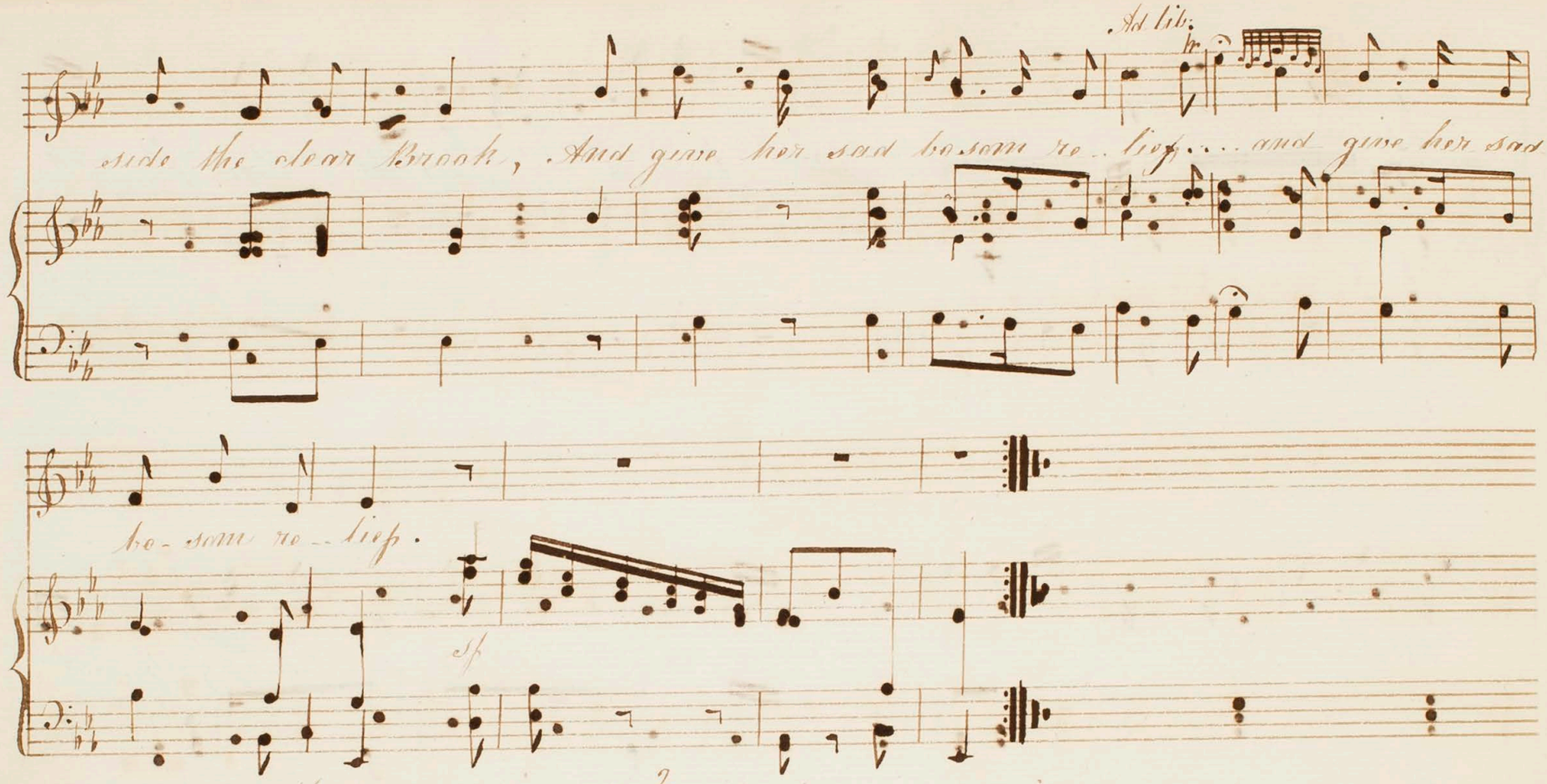




Maria


Affettuoso
p
fp
On yon Stone by a Brook, poor Maria oft sat as her Boy she held
fast by a string, she pensively sigh'd at the hard hand of fate, while her

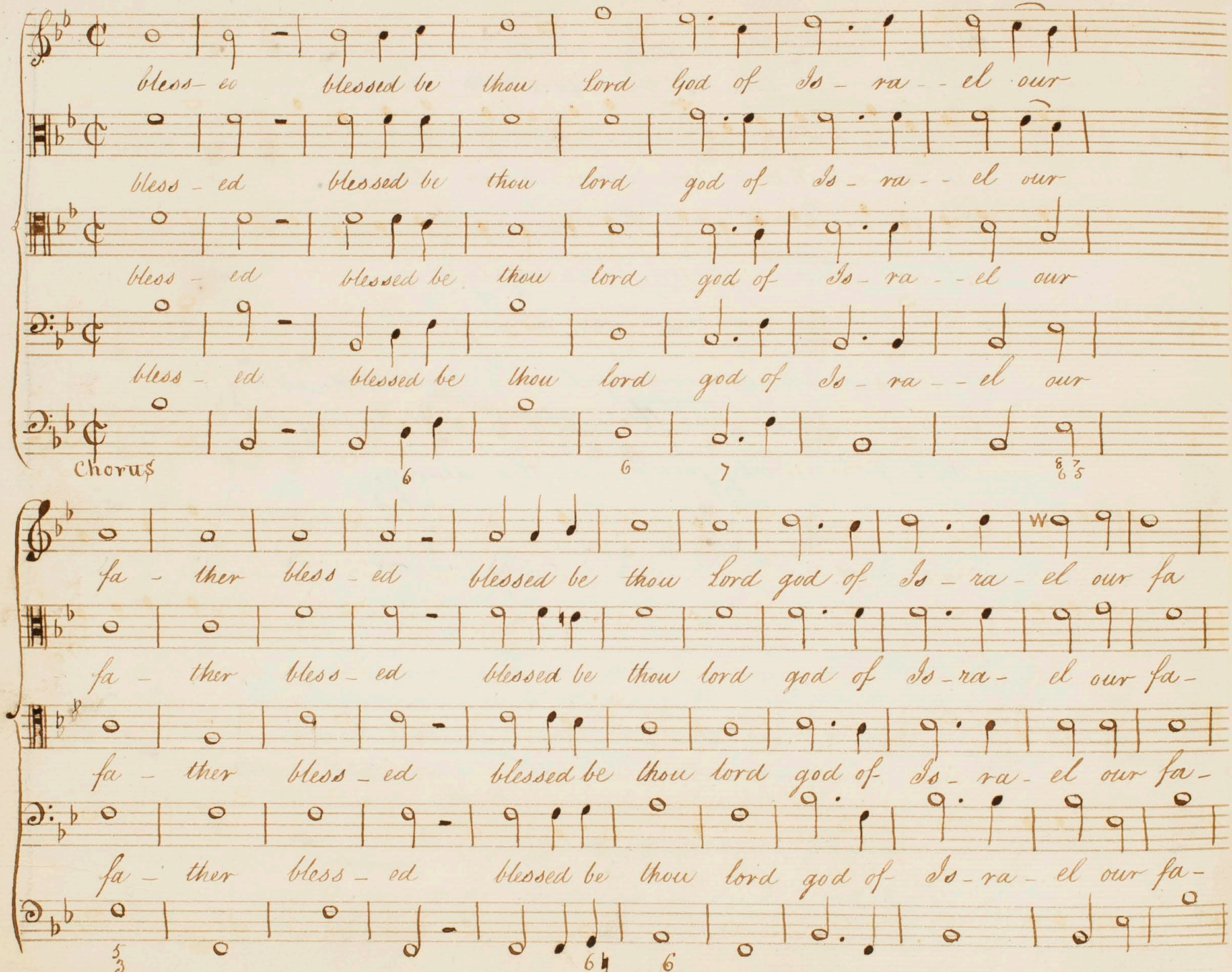

Pipe made the vocal woods ring, Ah pity Maria, she plaintively cry'd Ah
pity Maria kind echo re-plyd, and lengthen'd her sad tale of grief, Ah
Tear oft would fall as She gaz'd on a Book, Or mournfully walking be-

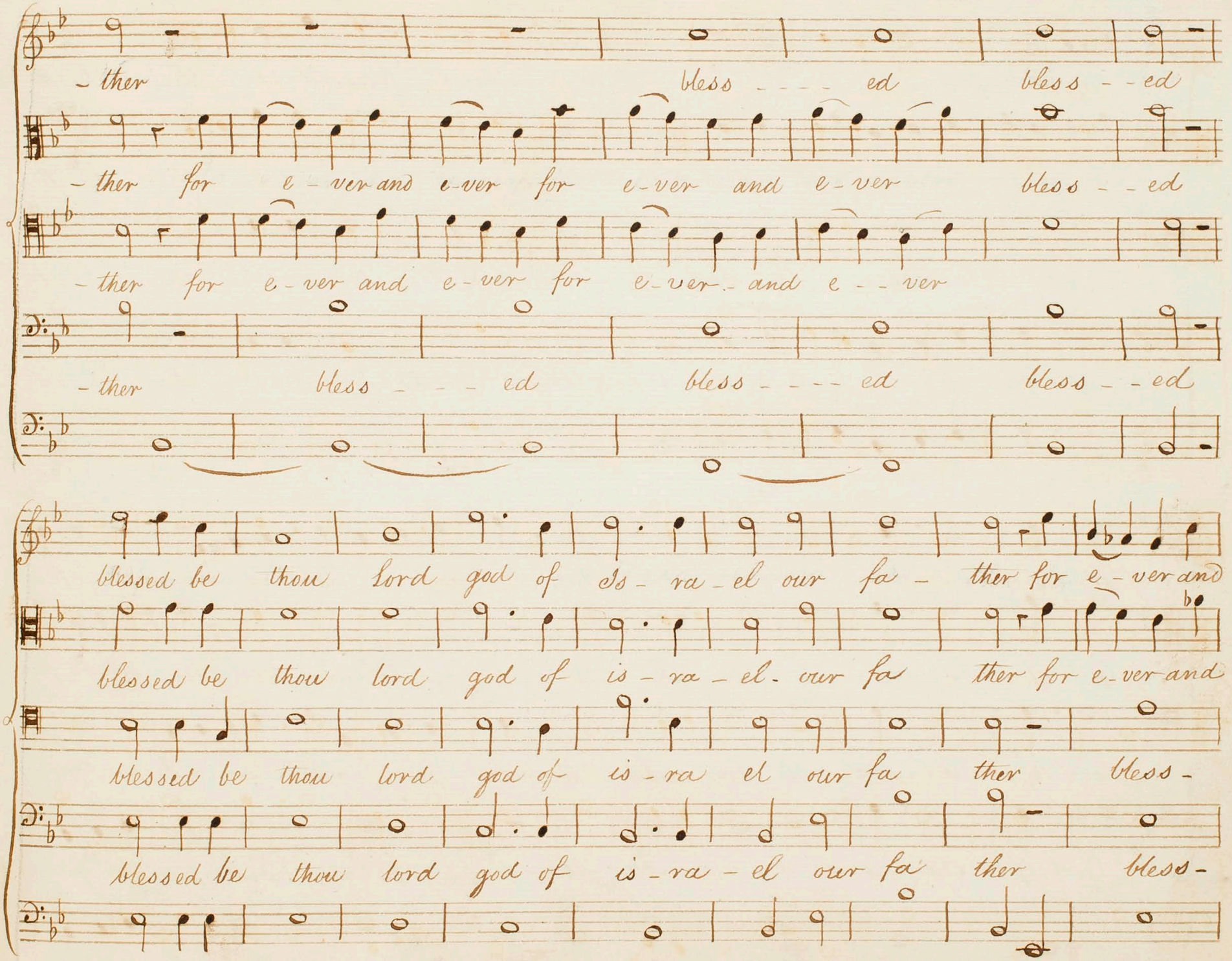


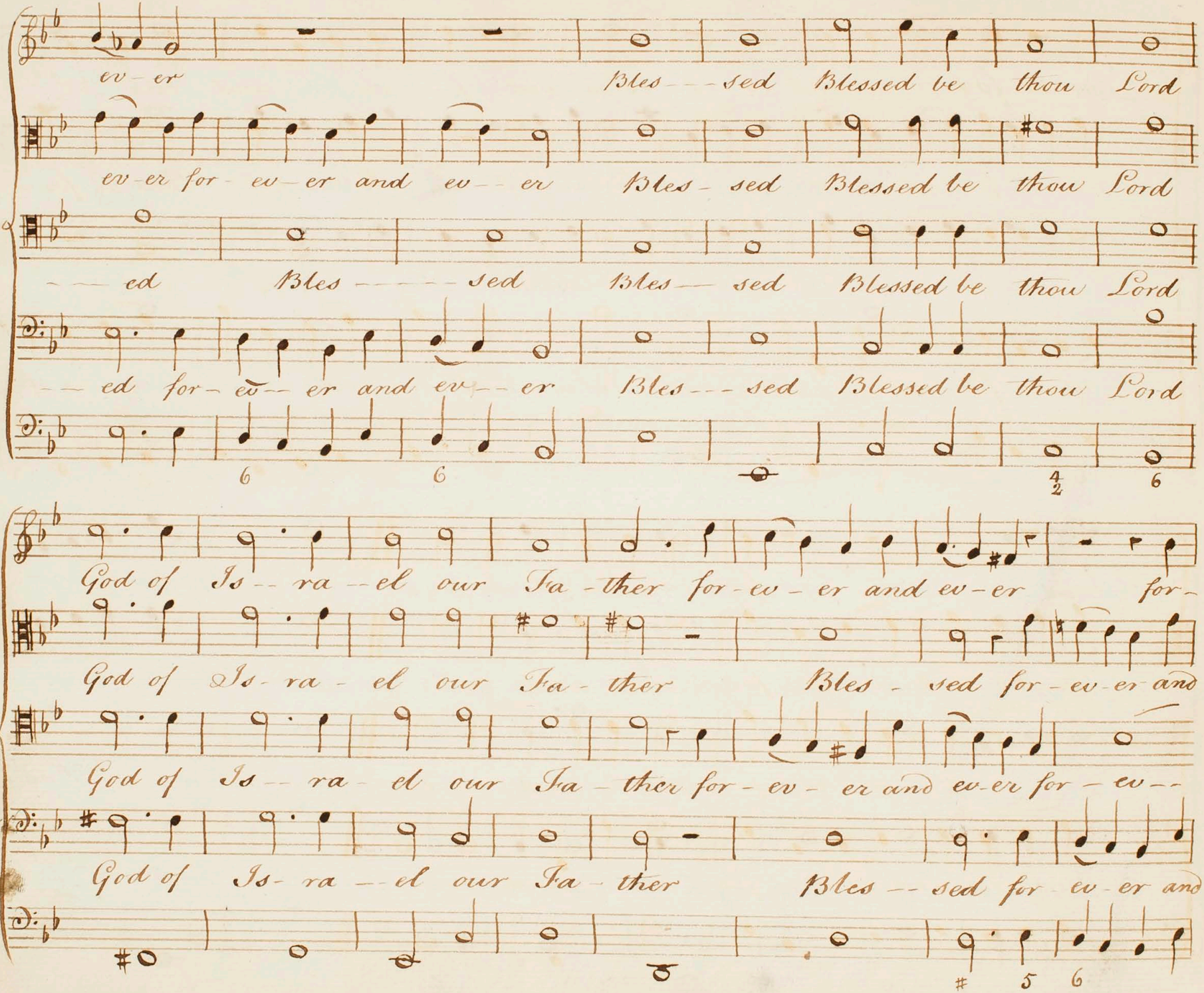
2

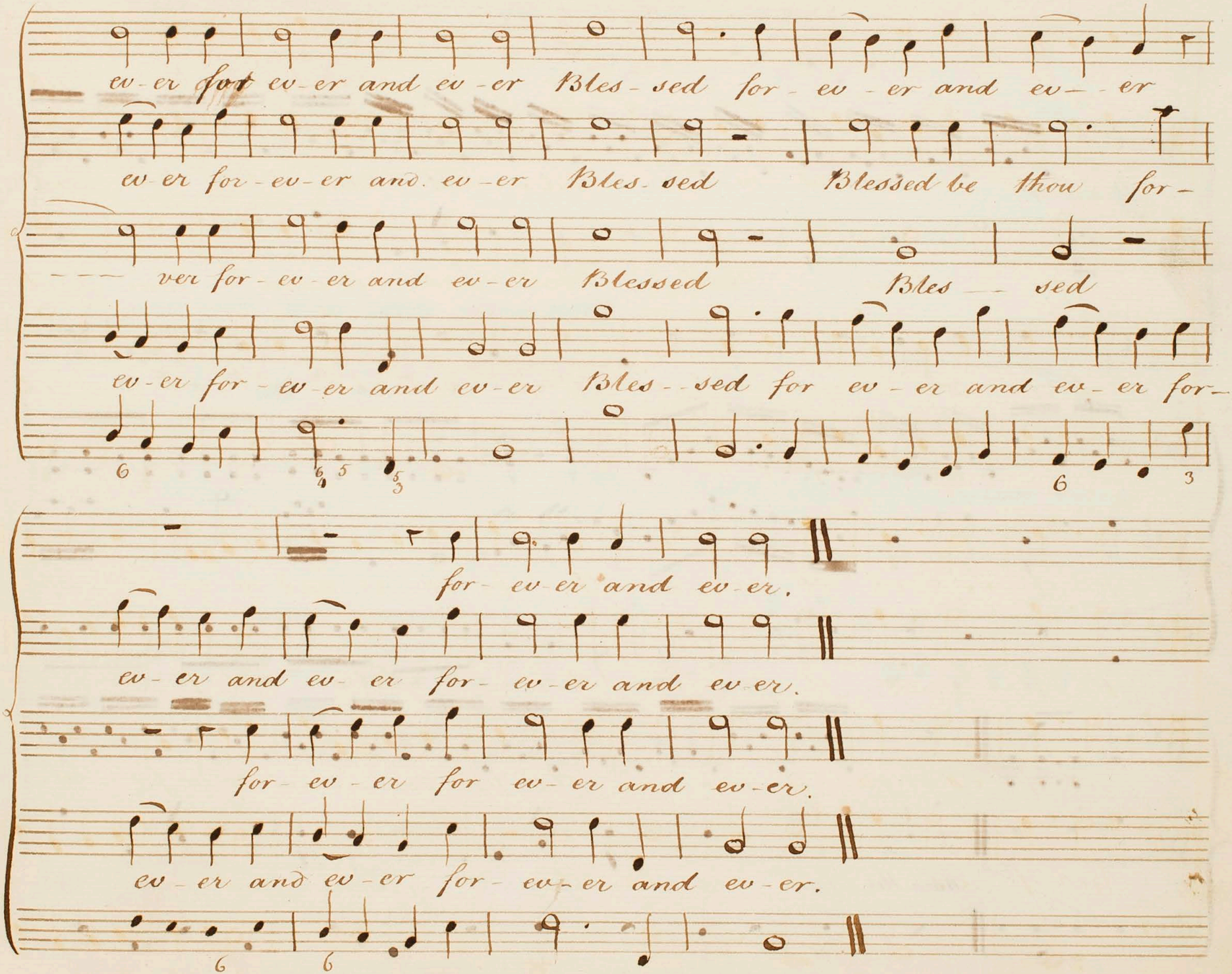
Ah, Henry, why faithless why leave me to pine,
And thus turn a deaf ear to my prayer?
why leave this fond heart, which so long has been thine,
The victim of Love & despair?
Return, oh return, to Maria, she cried.
Return, oh return, still kind Echo reply'd
And join'd thus her sighs to deplore,
But Henry, who panted for riches & fame
Long since had selected a wealthier Dame
For though fair, yet Maria was poor.

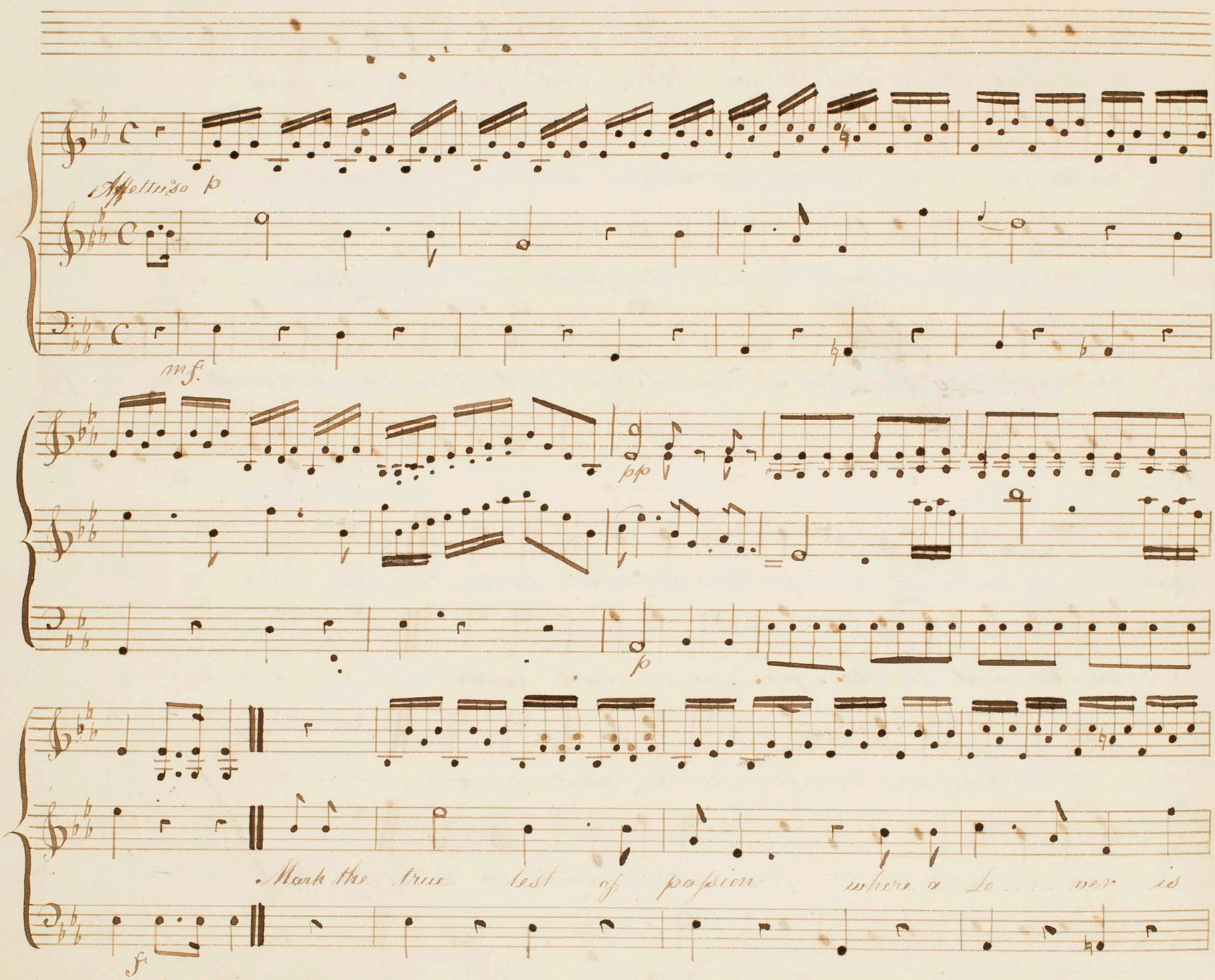
Her form once so graceful now emblem of death;
The roses her cheeks had forsook;
The place she so lov'd there she yielded her breath
With a sigh on the stone by the Brook.
Ah pity Maria, each Nymph softly cry'd;
Ah pity Maria, kind Echo reply'd
As lifeless they bore her along;
Her dirge, oh so mournful each lover did sing
No age, or no sex, but they tribute did bring
And plaintively join'd in the Song.

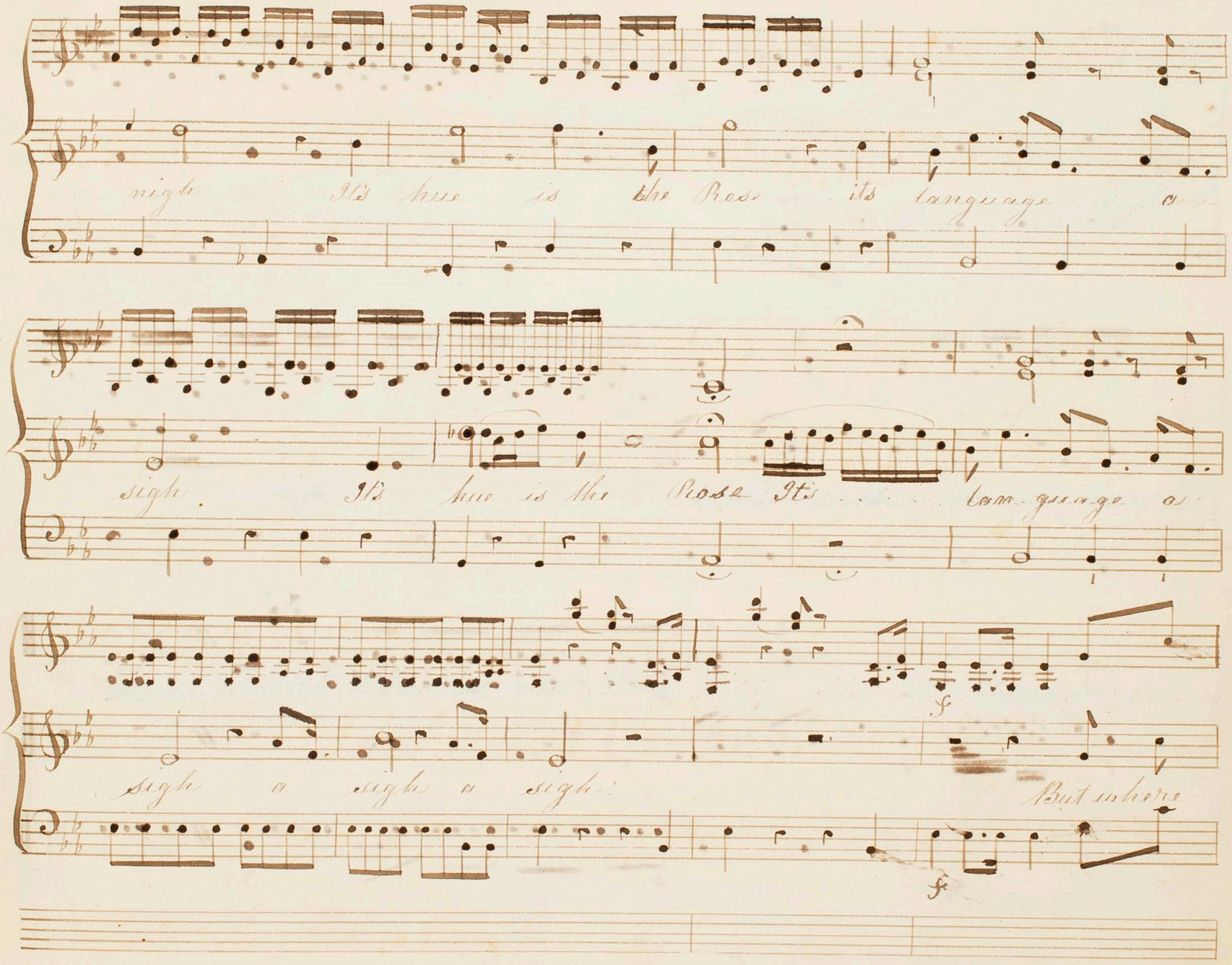

bless - ed blessed be thou Lord God of Is - ra - el our
bless - ed blessed be thou lord god of Is - ra - el our
bless - ed blessed be thou lord god of Is - ra - el our
bless - ed blessed be thou lord god of Is - ra - el our
Chorus
fa - ther bless - ed blessed be thou Lord god of Is - ra - el our fa
fa - ther bless - ed blessed be thou lord god of Is - ra - el our fa -
fa - ther bless - ed blessed be thou lord god of Is - ra - el our fa -
fa - ther bless - ed blessed be thou lord god of Is - ra - el our fa -

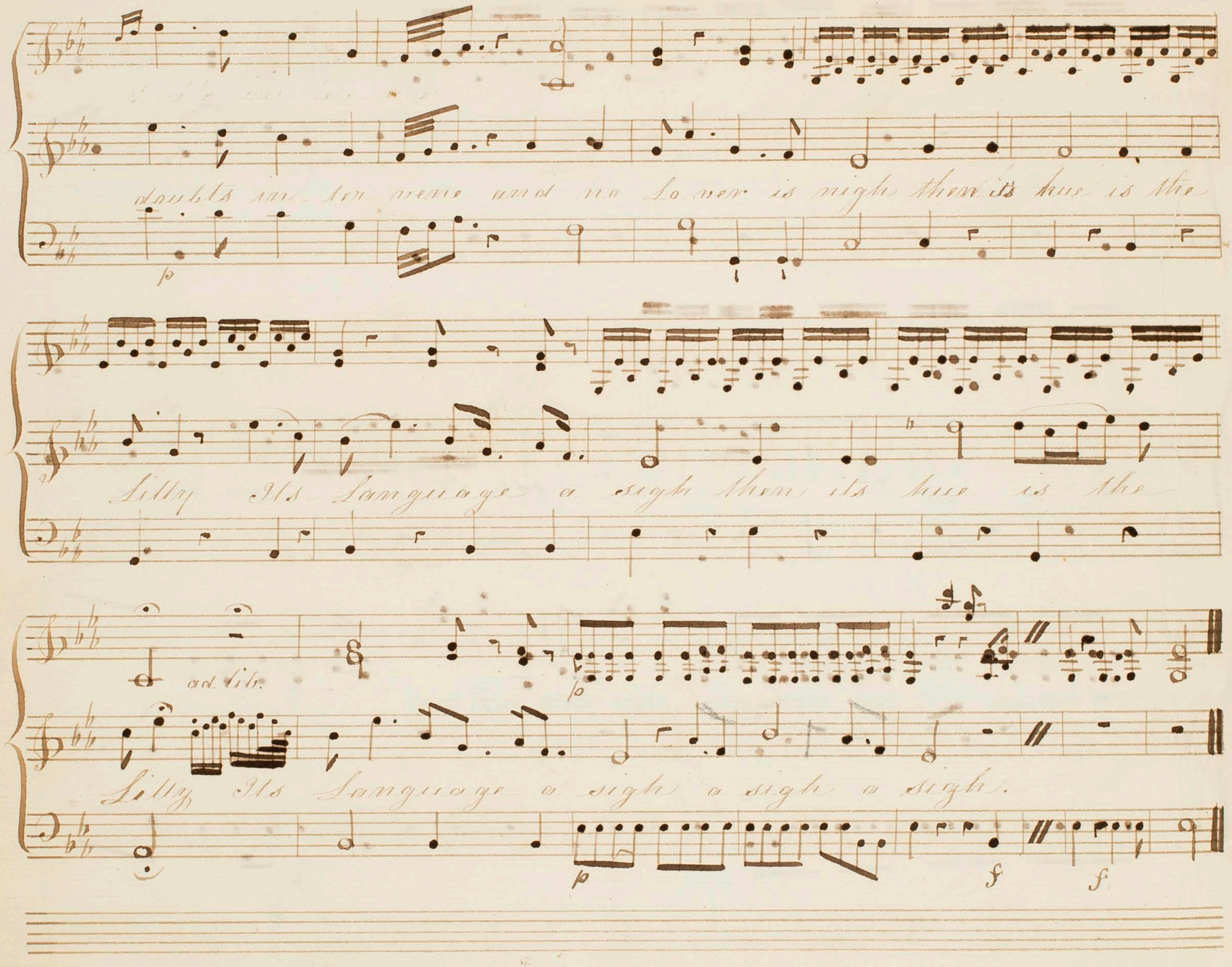

-ther blessed blessed
-ther for ever and ever for ever and ever blessed
-ther for ever and ever for ever and ever
-ther blessed blessed blessed
blessed be thou lord god of Is-ra-el our fa-ther for ever and
blessed be thou lord god of is-ra-el our fa ther for ever and
blessed be thou lord god of is-ra el our fa ther bless-
blessed be thou lord god of is-ra-el our fa ther bless-


ev-er
Bles--sed Blessed be thou Lord
ev-er for-ev-er and ev--er Bles-sed Blessed be thou Lord
--ed Bles-----sed Bles--sed Blessed be thou Lord
--ed for-ev--er and ev--er Bles---sed Blessed be thou Lord
God of Is--ra--el our Fa-ther for-ev-er and ev-er for-
God of Is-ra-el our Fa-ther Bles-sed for-ev-er and
God of Is--ra-el our Fa-ther for-ev-er and ev-er for-ev--
God of Is-ra--el our Fa-ther Bles--sed for-ev-er and


ev-er for ev-er and ev-er Bles-sed for-ev-er and ev-er
ev-er for-ev-er and ev-er Bles-sed Blessed be thou for-
ver for-ev-er and ev-er Blessed Bles-sed
ev-er for-ev-er and ev-er Bles-sed for ev-er and ev-er for-
for-ev-er and ev-er.
ev-er and ev-er for-ev-er and ev-er.
for-ev-er for ev-er and ev-er.
ev-er and ev-er for-ev-er and ev-er.

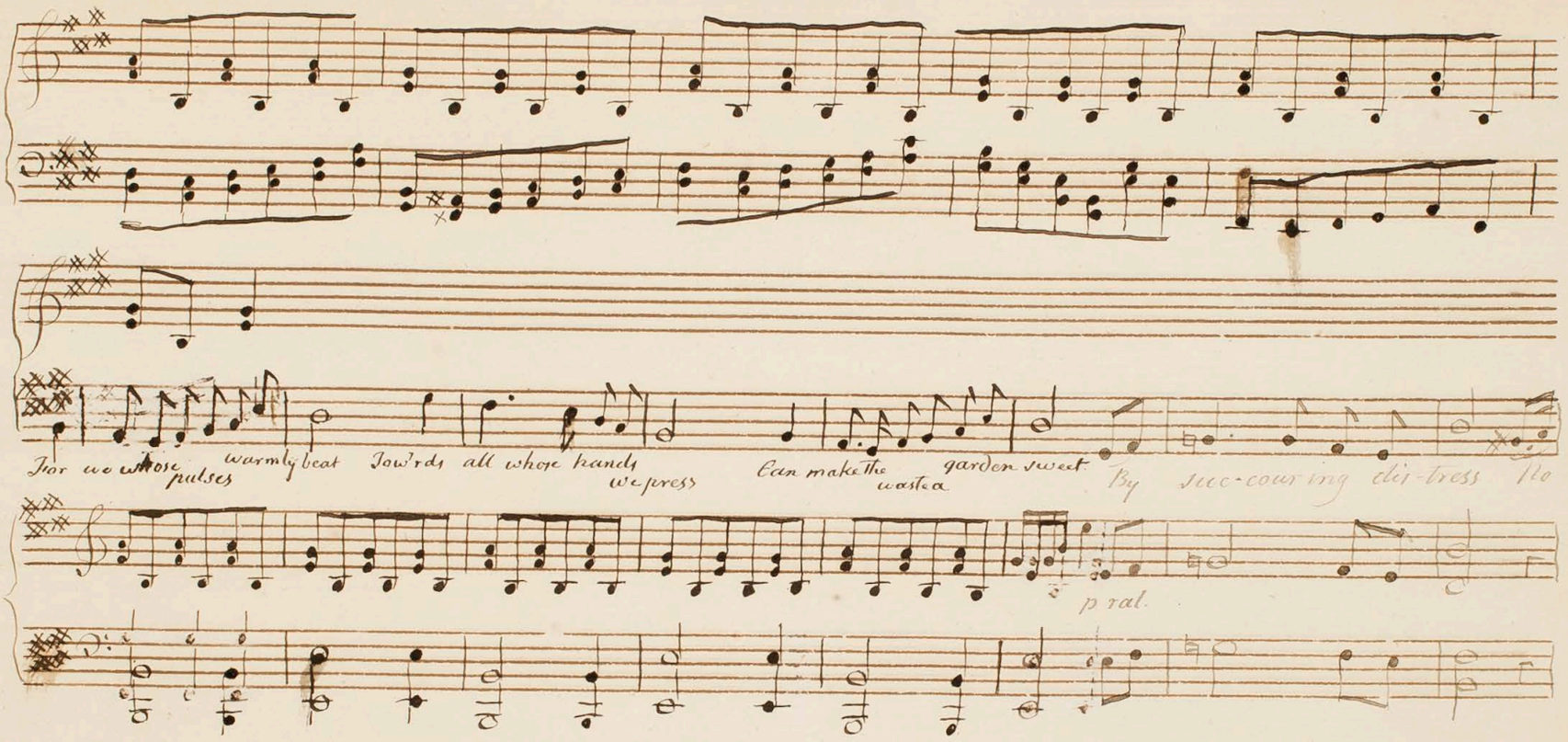

Mark the true test of pasion where a lo ver is


sigh. It's hue is the Rose its language o
sigh. It's hue is the Rose It's language o
sigh o sigh o sigh!
But where
f
f

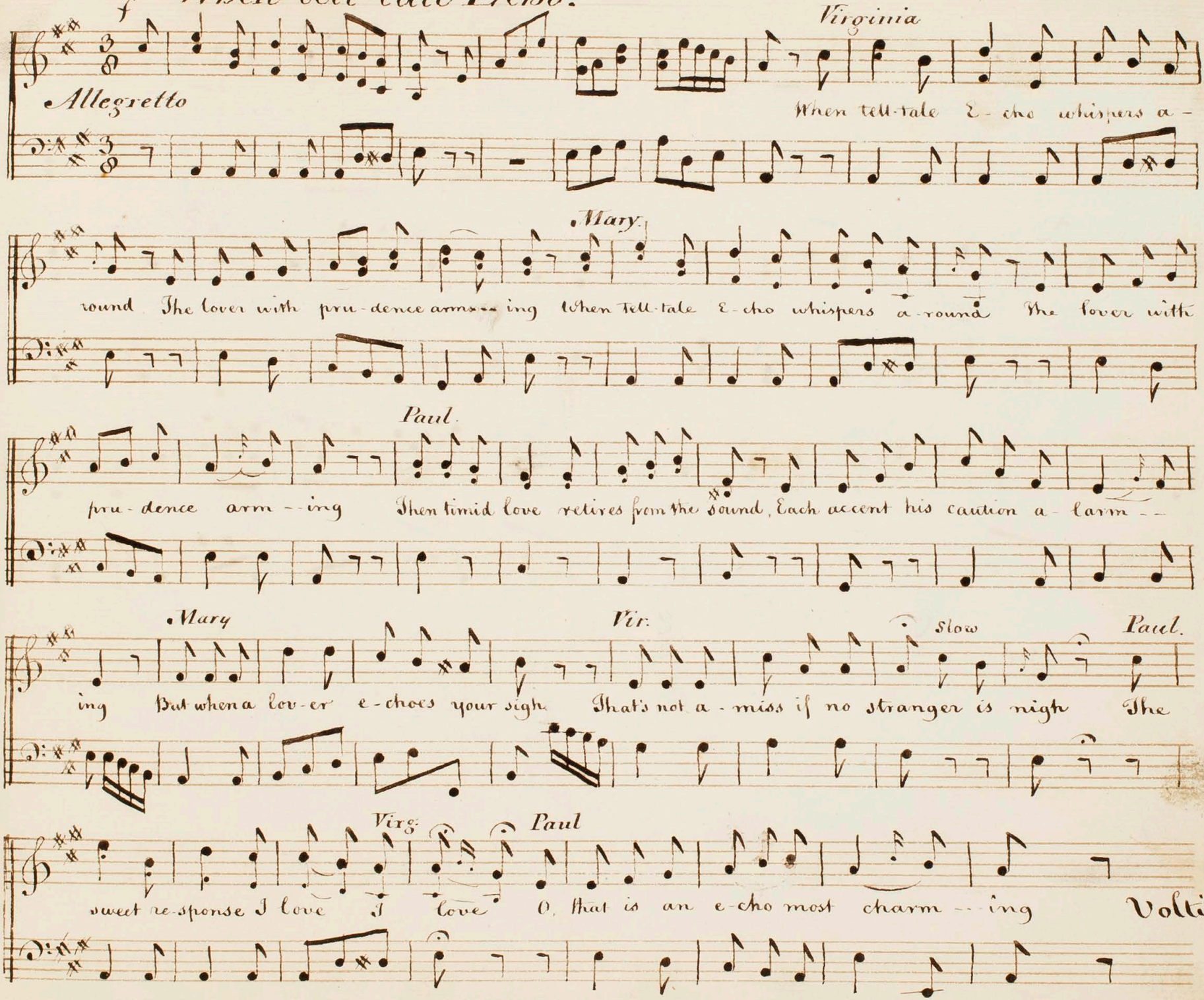
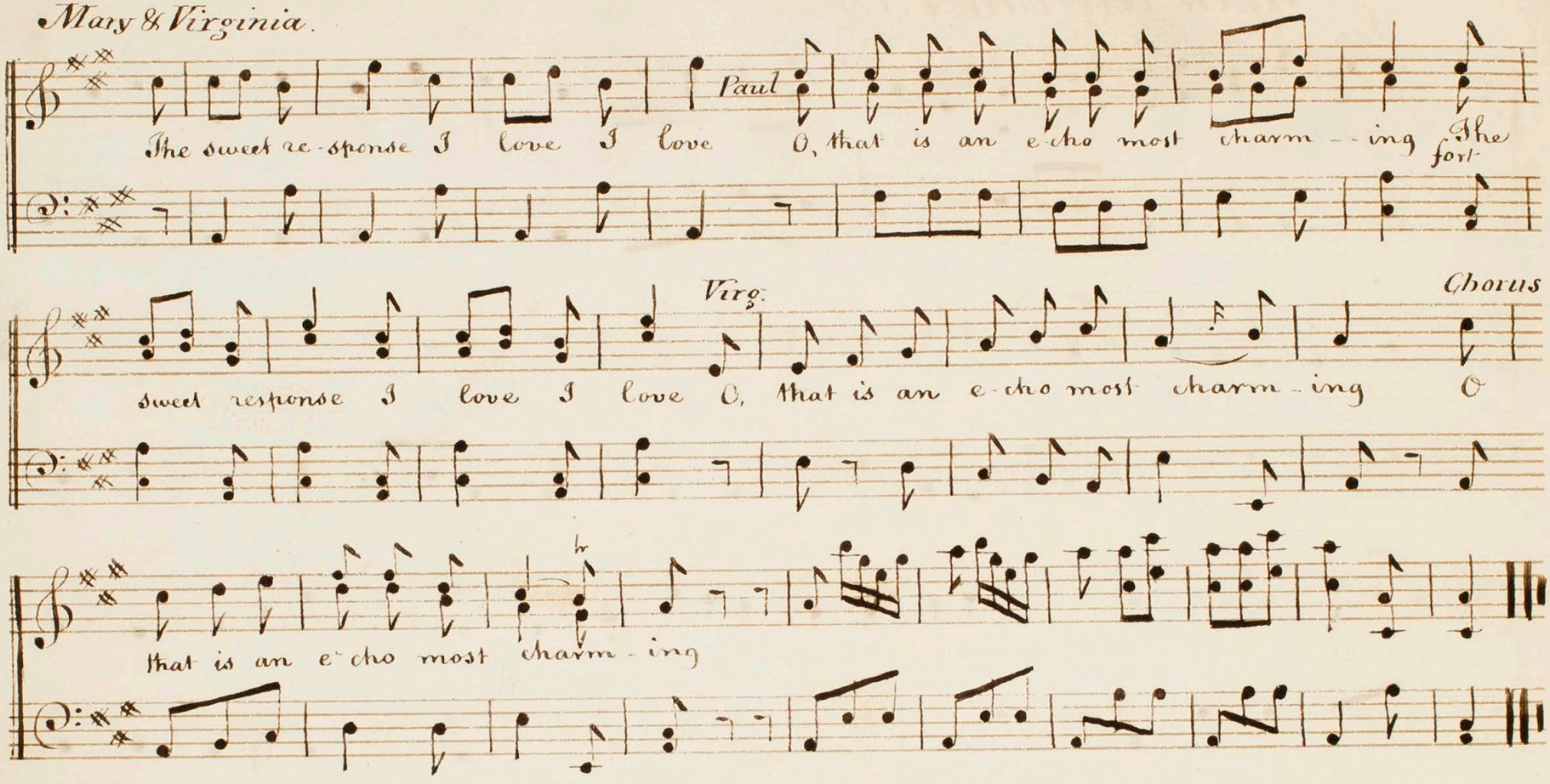
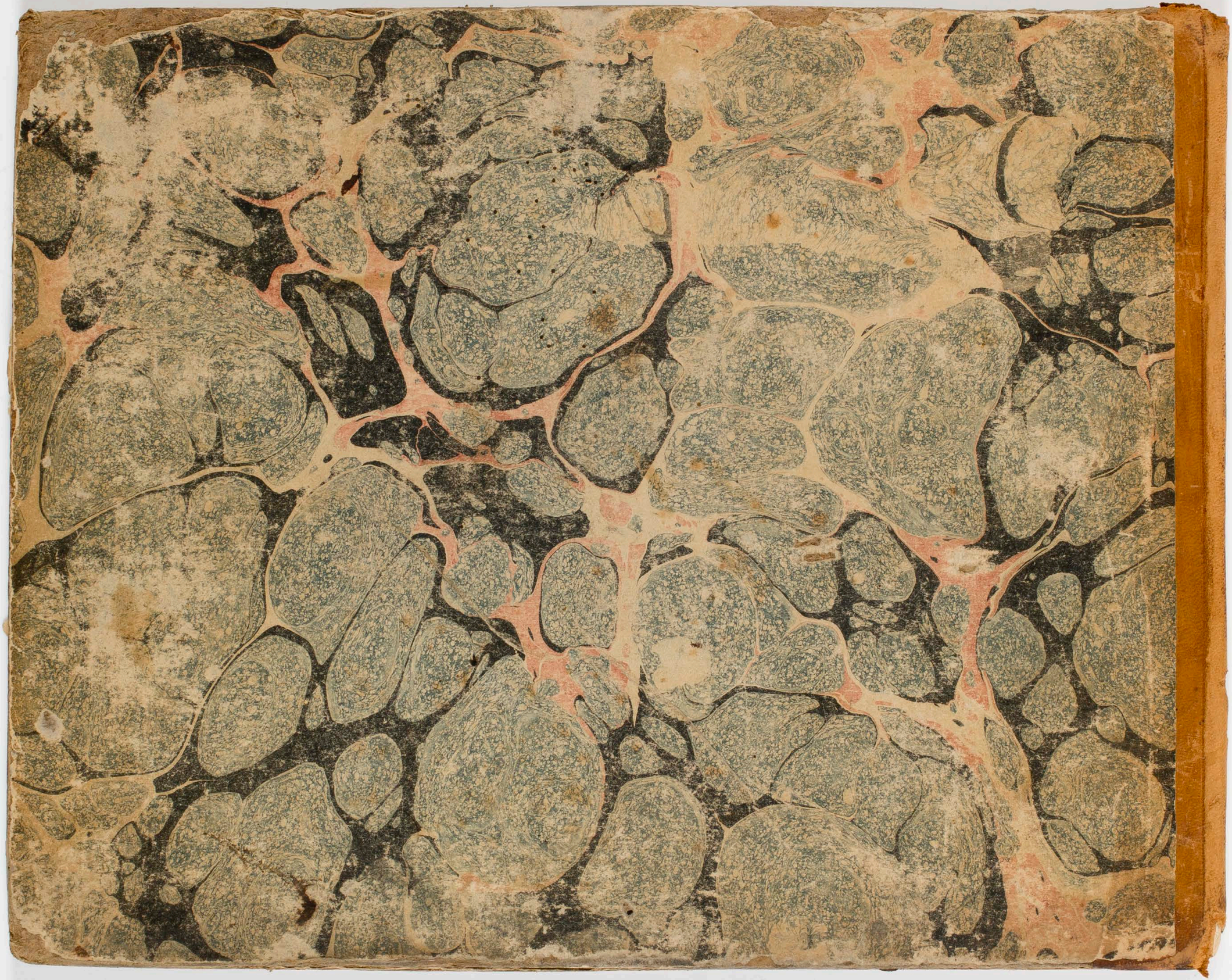

doubts in ter vene and no Lo ver is nigh then its hue is the
Lilly Its Language a sigh then its hue is the
ad lib.
Lilly Its Language a sigh a sigh a sigh.

When tell-tale Echo.

Virginia



When tell-tale Echo.



Mary & Virginia.